

Student Review

BYU's Unofficial Magazine

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Provo, Utah

November 25, 1987

The Banality of Evil

Two Larrys Fight to Near Death

by Mark Freeman

Walt Clark Junior High was a rough place compared to other suburban junior high schools. The high rates of drug and alcohol abuse and teenage pregnancy indicated that some of us were having a hard time growing up. In addition to those problems, everyone was isolated into three distinct groups—jocks, hoods, and cowboys—all of which seemed to have divergent attitudes and interests. Sometimes these differences would erupt into conflicts, mostly fistfights. It was one of these conflicts that taught me about the banality of evil.

One day in early Winter about a week before Thanksgiving, I was a participant in the legendary fight of the two Larrys. It seems that cowboy Larry called hood Larry a "pussy" or a "wimp" or some such. Anyway, it provided a good enough reason for Larry the hood to attack Larry the cowboy.

Almost immediately a crowd gathered, creating a ring in which the two fighters could settle their differences. There were shouts, cheers and general calls to "kick butt." Everyone became acutely excited and quite carried away with the violent spectacle. Some even wished they were the ones fighting. Everyone seemed to enjoy the violence, so the conflict continued.

Soon it became clear that Larry the cowboy wasn't in a position to claim victory from the confrontation. Larry the hood was just tougher. The cowboy's blood-spattered face proved it. However, Larry the hood evidently wasn't satisfied with a demonstration of his superior fighting skills. Something strange was happening: the punching

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Fascinating Interview with Professor from the Soviet Union . . .

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Price of Public Office Skyrocketing

by Jon Hafen

A campaign strategist for Robert F. Kennedy once called money the mother's milk of politics. This is the case now more than ever before.

In 1976 the average winning candidate spent \$600,000 on his or her campaign. In the 1984 elections the average winning candidate spent an average of over \$2.9 million, with some candidates spending well over \$10 million. Voters will see a record amount of money spent to woo their favor in 1988.

For many candidates money decides whether or not they will run. Not intelligence, not political experience, but money. Some analysts maintain that the only reason Albert Gore is a presidential candidate is that "money talked [him] into running for the Democratic nomination."

Other reports claim that "one of the strongest reasons that Hart quit was his realization that the scandal made it impossible to raise more money."

The increasing importance of money to candidates—incumbent and challenger alike—has drawn public attention, leading some legislators to push campaign finance reform.

Particularly disturbing to lawmakers and constituents alike is the increasing dependence on funds provided by special interest groups and the time which legislators must devote to fundraising.

Advocates of campaign finance reform contend that the best fundraisers rather than the best lawmakers are being sent to Congress. Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd and others proposed legislation earlier this year to curb what Byrd calls "the money chase."

In debate on the Senate floor Byrd said "Senators are having to go out and spend time [fundraising] when they ought to be here, voting; here, working in committees; here, looking after the mail from constituents. Instead they are forced to go out and spend hours



SR art by Brian Kubarycz

and days and weekends traveling all over the country in order to raise money for their next campaign."

Byrd's bill, S. 2, proposes to impose overall campaign spending limits. Additionally, the bill proposes providing an equal amount of money to candidates from each party after they have qualified by raising a certain sum of money in small individual contributions from constituents.

Opponents of S. 2 and other campaign finance reform measures contend that restricting expenditure limits the constitutional right of free speech, and would be impossible to enforce.

The two sides have drawn battle lines, and S. 2 is currently mired in a Republican-led filibuster.

The debate over campaign finance reform is not a new one. There have been many

attempts to control the influence of money within the electoral process, but not until the early 1970s was a program to limit campaign expenditures for presidential general elections enacted. This law went into effect in 1976 and offered the candidates the option of using public funds to finance their campaign. To date 34 out of 35 presidential candidates have accepted public financing including Jimmy Carter, Gerald Ford, and Ronald Reagan.

David Magleby, a political science professor at BYU, spent much of the last year in Washington, D.C. working with Robert Byrd and others on S. 2. Magleby is currently co-authoring a book on campaign finance reform. He cites the success of presidential campaign finance reforms as proof that reform is a desirable alternative to the status-quo. "We have seen that one very positive result of publicly-financed presidential campaigns is that the candidates are able to concentrate on issues rather than funds."

Magleby continued to say that the rapidly increasing costs of Senate and Congressional elections shows that the system of fund-raising, is "out of control, and there is no end in sight for the cost escalations."

"The only way to win an election now is big bucks, PAC (political action committee) contributions, or a great organization," Magleby feels that the current system "will soon self-destruct. The question we must ask ourselves is not whether the system has problems, but when will we say 'enough!'"

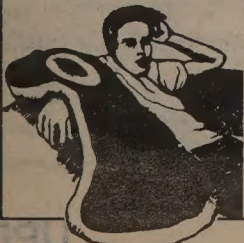
Magleby said "Right now people who think they can win have to go out and spend hundreds of thousands of dollars for a successful House campaign and millions of dollars for a successful Senate campaign. This initial cost, coupled with the fact that incumbents now begin raising funds for future elections immediately after an election has the effect of 'scaring off the opposition.'"

Last year Jake Gam spent more than three-quarters of a million dollars on his

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Student Review

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Essay

The Secret Value of Failure

by Kaarin Neves

During my junior year of high school, I decided to take a chance. The student government advisor convinced me to run for student body secretary. I had never before placed myself at the mercy of such a large group of students. It was scary!

I went to my father's printing shop and designed hundreds of flyers to hang on lockers. For the nominating convention, I sat on the floor coloring 20-foot-long posters. My speeches were agonized over for hours. This project was not only frightening, but time consuming. My homework was getting put aside for more important election plans. Everyone was relieved when at last election day arrived.

The results were to be made public at the election dance. That night, amidst the whole student body, I stood alone. I didn't feel comfortable with the students. All of my muscles twitched. Although my feet wouldn't stay still, I didn't want to join the dancers on the floor. Desperately I prayed that I would win; deep down I was sure I hadn't. Maybe I didn't even want to hear the results.

My heart stopped when the advisor read the name of the new treasurer. The new secretary would be announced next. I didn't win. I wanted to cry, but I held back and simply whispered a sweet "congratulations" to the winner. Then I ran away to find a friend who would take away the pain. Mr. Palmer caught me and reassured me that the race was

close. It hadn't been decided until the last votes were in. He said that I could run for a senior class office. Nothing mattered to me anymore.

I was crushed. It was a revelation that Kaarin Neves was no longer the best at everything. That night made me very discouraged. This was all an awful nightmare. I had set a high goal and had been unable to achieve it. Now I was afraid to dabble with the unsure. Should I even try something that I didn't know I could do? I was frightened to fail again.

As I made it past the immediate failure, and the wound healed, I made some discoveries. The first was that I had grown from the

I came to college. If I had waited, the shock might have caused me to become a college drop-out and an eventual bag lady. In college, many people do things better than I. The important aspect is that they do not threaten me. I now watch and learn from their abilities. It is the only way to avoid intellectual stagnation.

Additionally, my experiences helped me to avoid social stagnation. Formerly I was a very reserved, intellectual-type person. I was continually afraid to have someone not like me. This election experience made me grasp the idea that it didn't really matter if someone didn't like me. My own worth was not dependent on others' ideals. It was always

high. The person who rejected my friendship was the real loser.

As I have begun to openly deal with people, I have realized that simply listening to someone in need is a form of success. Studying one hour

less is worthwhile if a roommate in trouble receives help. Losing a high school election was a round-about way of learning service, but it worked for me.

All of my lessons about failure brought me to one conclusion. Failure must simply be a matter of perspective. In the moment when I lost the election, a feeling of worthlessness and devastation swept over me. I had failed my own expectations. I had disappointed

People themselves are a very important force in life. The ability to serve is the ultimate force for happiness.

failure. The second was that failure is a matter of perspective.

Losing made me re-evaluate my own self-esteem. I had to decide if I still liked my imperfect self. I found my lack of perfection frightening. Without it, I could no longer expect to win all of my competitions. Life became more difficult because now everything would involve taking chances.

Not only did I have to take chances, I had to deal with the simple fact that I was no longer THE best. Luckily I learned it before

see **Failure** on back page

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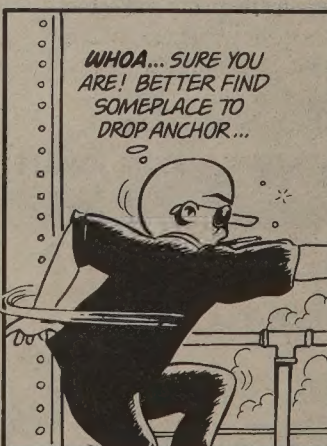
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BY GARRY TRUDEAU



Doonesbury



East meets West: An Interview with Professor Peter Serdukov

by D. Mark Tullis

all photos by author

Editor's note—This Fall the Slavic and Germanic Languages Department has had the honor of working with Peter Serdukov, a Soviet specialist in languages and computers. He is the head of computer techniques and informatics at the Kiev State Pedagogical Institute of Foreign Languages. D. Mark Tullis has come to know Peter well. Mark and Peter were kind enough to share this conversation with us.

SR: First of all, how is it possible that you came to BYU?

PS: The first reason was due to Gorbachev and Reagan meeting in Geneva. A contract was signed this year for the exchange of Russian and American professors in the field of languages. Americans suggested that a certain number of Soviet professors would come to American universities to help improve Russian language training. I was one of them.

SR: What is your position in the Soviet Union. What do you do for a living?

PS: I work as a chief of foreign language. Did I give you my card? I am chairman of a department which has a very long name. It's a complicated name made up by my superiors. They wanted to put everything in the name. But, I am sure that titles should be short. I would call it Technology of Education.

SR: What is the age group of students that you work with?

PS: Well, like you here. From seventeen to, I think, twenty-three or twenty-five.

SR: So, you are able to associate with a lot of students the same age as students here at BYU. What are some of the main differences you've observed between Soviet and American students?

PS: Well, first I would like to express not the differences, but the similarities. They are so great! They are very much like you: they are young, they are eager, they are interested in many things. They're interested in languages, people, art, and music. They're interested in American rock music very much.

SR: This has come up at several discussions in your association with BYU students. You've had several opportunities to discuss politics although that's not your area of expertise. Nevertheless, as a Soviet citizen coming to the United States, it is a topic that will come up. Did you expect to get involved in political discussions? Did you prepare for it at all?

PS: I don't think we talk much about politics at BYU. I think the students are mainly interested in the country, in the people and the style of life. Political questions emerge quite rarely.

SR: How would you assess BYU students' understanding of Soviet-U.S. issues?

PS: That is the most troublesome question. I was greatly surprised by the ignorance of Americans of our country and our people. Of course, I see a lot of earnest interest to learn about Russia, but the knowledge the students possess is insufficient to put it mildly. That produced a very sad impression on me.

SR: Did that surprise you?

PS: Some of the information is published in our country from American newspapers that Americans don't know geography and a lot of other things. Russians know much more about the Americans and they are interested to learn more.

SR: You have had some opportunity to see a little bit of America. You've travelled, you've seen Las Vegas and the Grand Canyon. What places have you enjoyed the most so

far?

PS: Frankly, all of them. I enjoyed Provo. I think its' rather peculiar and its what I hadn't expected.

SR: Provo is largely dominated by the Mormon religion and BYU is supported by the Mormon church. What were your impressions of this?

PS: I am not going to go into details concerning your religion itself. I'm not a specialist, so I cannot judge correctly.

Judging by what I see, BYU is a very high quality educational establishment. A lot of research is being done here—very good research. Recreational and living facilities for the students is high quality. I admire the people.

I found out that Mormons are very nice people with very high moral tendencies. Very kind and very sensitive, very caring and hospitable.

SR: Now is it true, Peter, that you have a red telephone in your house?

PS: Yes.

SR: Is it common in the Soviet Union for people to have red household items?

PS: (laughing) No, that's just my wife. She wanted to have some bright spots in the apartment. That's why I bought the red telephone.

SR: What things about the Soviet Union do you miss the most?

PS: Well, practically everything. First of all, I miss my family. Very much my wife and my son. Then, I miss my work and my people there. I wonder how they are getting along without me. I write them letters. Well, as it is said, 'east or west, home is best.'

SR: I'd be interested in hearing your opinion of certain aspects of American culture. Like the things you see on T.V.—the commercials, the fast-food, the shopping malls, American music, that sort of thing.

PS: Americans have a lot of options in culture, shopping, and goods. That's interesting and that's good, I think, when you have something to choose from. But I fear that this abundance of everything has a reverse side.

I think some people are irresponsible. I can't believe that... well... such people as these supremacists can be permitted to exist. I don't know how to deal with the problem to have freedom and not to allow these excesses like... well... prostitution and... well... homosexuality. But this is, I think, really the excesses of...

SR: Having too much freedom?

PS: Yes, too much freedom. That, I think, is the problem.

SR: What are you going to tell your family and your colleagues in the Soviet Union?

PS: Americans made me feel like a missionary from my own



"Make sure you quote me accurately!" Peter and Mark during their recent conversation.

country. I hadn't planned to do that. I am mostly telling people what Russians are really like.

I want to do the same now in my country. So, the first thing I would say is that I like Americans and I want to be friends with Americans. I'll try to explain to them how we should do that.

I would like to educate people to overcome ignorance and mistrust. I'll give lectures about my impressions of the United States to students and professors. I think I'll make one lecture about the language. I want to write an article to the newspaper and I want to say in it how I came to know America not as everybody knows it—the lights of New York, Las Vegas and all that—but just this provincial small America where most Americans live. That's what's very important to understand—that America.

"I am mostly telling people here what Russians are really like. I want to do the same now in my country. So, the first thing I would say is that I like Americans and I want to be friends with Americans."

CAMPUS LIFE

Going on a Date with Some Meat

by Elden C. Nelson

"I can't believe the guy I went out with," the girl told me. "It's our first date, and we just go watch a video. The only other couple there was engaged, and their lips were hermetically sealed to each other throughout the show. So we just stare at the screen for about two hours and don't say anything. Then, right after the show ends, he starts making the moves on me like crazy. So I just start getting ready to leave, and he asks, 'why are you leaving so soon?' I can't believe him."

This lady and gentleman are suffering from a common misunderstanding. What neither of these two realize is that the male in question is not consciously trying to use and abuse this girl. He is almost certainly a gallant boy Scout type at heart. What these two (and maybe others) have mistaken for unrestrained lust, is in actuality merely a protein (meat) deficiency.

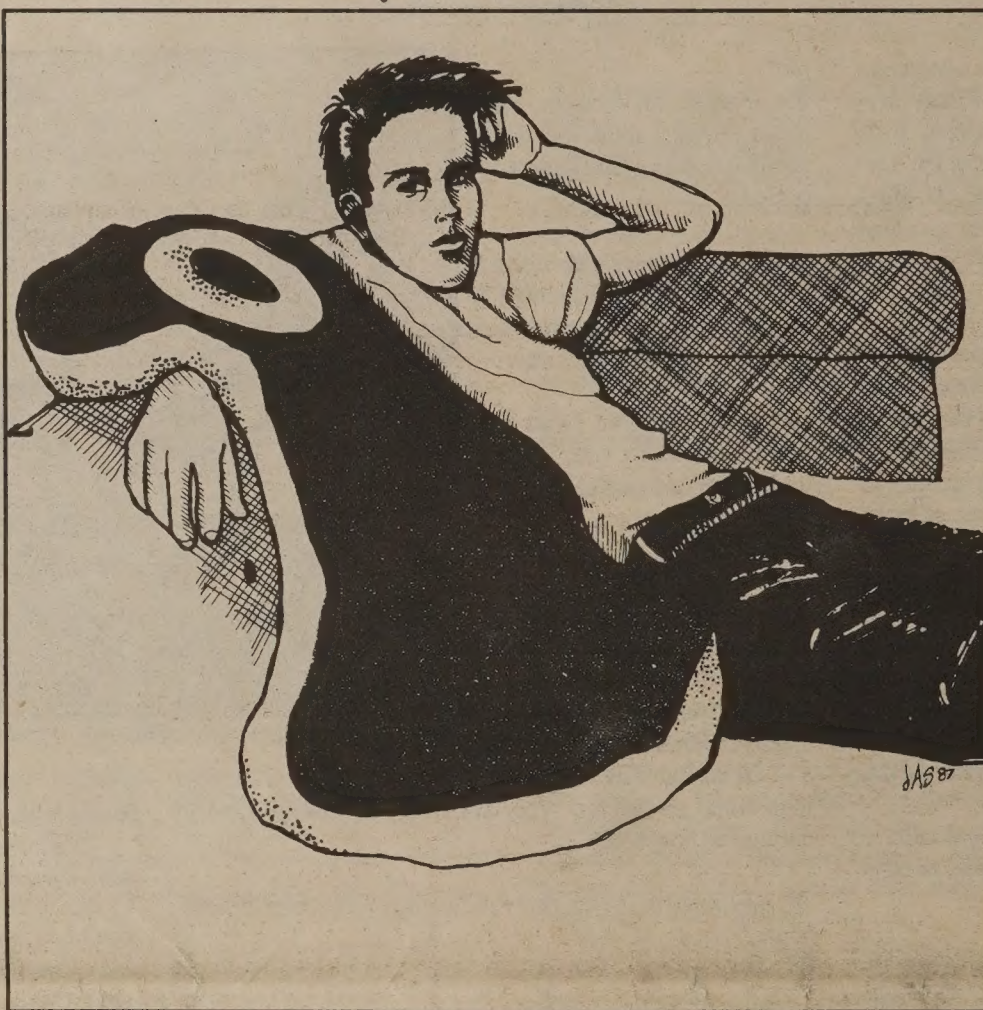
Protein, an essential nutrient in the diet of every healthy male, is often overlooked in today's "couples-oriented" society. Almost universally, men are confused by the "protein urge." They will ask a girl on a date (or to a dark corner depending on the strength of the urge) instead of doing the same with the real object of their desire: a prime rib.

Gentlemen, consider: 97.4 percent of your "date objectives" (don't feign incredulity; everyone knows that you have them) for any evening can be achieved more easily, regularly, and cheaply with a pound of steak than a girl.

The process of taking a chunk of meat out for the night is going to be a relatively new concept for most of you, so a brief synopsis of how it is done shall be presented. Remember, this is just a guideline. Don't be afraid to use your own creativity.

Step #1: Selecting the meat

One of the really great things about taking meat out is that you have complete control of who you are going out with and never have to fear rejection. No longer do you have to toss and turn in bed the night before you ask her out, wondering to yourself "Will she say yes? Will she think she's too good for me? Will she even know my name?" Meat is



SR art by Julie Stonebraker

always polite, contrite and consenting. Even the fanciest filet mignon won't turn you down. So be picky. You deserve the best. As a general rule, "New York Strip" is a good cut for city folk, whereas "Chuck Roast" is more suited to the outdoorsy type. Don't go out with hamburger. It's sleazy. For an economy idea, buy steaks in larger quantities, and go on a double, or even triple date.

Step #2: Preparing for the date

Meat has another significant advantage over women in this department, since it is always on time, and never frets about what it

should wear. Much of this preparation lies relies on the individuality of your taste. AS a guideline, I usually season it lightly with cayenne pepper, then put it in the microwave on "defrost" for four minutes. This leaves the cut warm—about body temperature—but still tender (a terrific summer variation on this theme is to leave it in the freezer right up until the time you leave. Your date will remain cool and comfortable throughout the evening). Sprinkle with your favorite women's cologne, or barbecue sauce. Wax lips are optional.

Step #3: The date

Gone are the days of trifling, idle conversations and superficial gallantry. No more torturous encounters with overly inquisitive fathers while waiting for your date who is still beginning step two (see above). When you are taking meat out for a date, you simply remove it from the microwave, walk to the car, open your own door and toss the cut on the passenger seat. You are then free to head toward your destination, with no fears of a back seat driver, a poor conversationalist, or a generally frigid date. If you are feeling to "protein urge" particularly strongly, feel free to start the date off with the meat already in your lap. Talk about anything you like—meat keep secrets.

The range of places you can go with your meat/date is nearly unlimited. Movies, amusement parks and dancing are all popular, especially since you only have to pay for yourself. The only thing taboo is a restaurant. This is the meat-dating equivalent of taking a girl out to watch her relatives get eaten by crocodiles.

Once comfortably seated, you can begin to satisfy your "protein urge." Go ahead, hold its hand. The meat won't mind. You'll be surprised to find that it feels remarkably like a girl's hand, except it won't get clammy, and doesn't sweat. Kiss it. It won't slap you or even turn its head. Blow in its ear (if you can find it). Don't be shy: this is your big chance. For those of you with active imaginations, try maneuvers that you never dared attempt before. If you were thoughtful enough to bring cow's tongue as your evening's companion, you've got a literal smorgasbord of activities before you. Best of all, you don't have to say "I'll call you tomorrow" when you don't plan to.

The bottom line is this: meat is superior to women. Why take a girl out and treat her like a piece of meat when for a much better price, you can have the real article? Go ahead, satisfy the "protein urge." Be prepared for the consequences though. How do you tell a girl you are desperately in love with a sirloin?

Beauty is in the Eye of the Beholder

by Pat Barth

In the November 18 issue of *Student Review* William Grigg had a lovely peice about dating. While discussing the futility of this frivolous activity, he made mention of a young man from Utah State who observed that when a woman surveys a man's backside, it is to make an estimate as to the size and contents of his wallet. That young man, whose acute observation places him in serious competition for sainthood, happens to be my brother. Being only a phone call away, I asked him if I could print his original article in the *Review*. I changed very little of his original work.

Everywhere I turn it's Rob Lowe, Judd Nelson or Cory Hart. Ooooo! What is the big deal? Every girls' apartment I have ever visited—and there have been many—is plastered with more than their share

of favorite pinups, calendars, and the latest issue of "Teen Beat" is on the coffee table.

Big Deal! I don't see why women swoon over the mere mention of these guys. There isn't anything special about them besides average-looking mugs on the screen and bloated wallets. Wait! Perhaps that is the key there. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but the way to a woman's affection is through a man's wallet.

That would explain a lot—why women always ask what kind of car you drive and what your parents do and why they want to know if you live in Deseret Towers or own a condo. Why, why, why? Now I know the true reason women watch men's derrieres; it's not to watch it wiggle, it is to determine the thickness of his bilfold. Or maybe the

reason the entire BYU female population is mesmerised by these is . . . is . . . why are they? For the life of me, I cannot figure it out. Think about it. Men don't do that. We don't fabricate fantasies about movie stars or music artists. At least when we do, the objects of our lust are deserving recipients. Heather Thomas, Stevie Nicks and Kathy Ireland are fine, virtuous examples, morally outstanding and patriotic. Nope, you won't see men drool over just anybody.

I think it is time for women to take a close look at their lifestyles and make the necessary amendments before men boycott. You women should realize that you don't need to look toward fantasy for fulfillment. There are men right here that are more than you can handle anyway.

Biology 100 Extra Credit

Last week professor Phillip Anthrax announced to his 476 Biology 100 students that extra credit would be awarded to students who volunteered to be laboratory animals. Apparently there was a shortage of the experimental animals that are needed for research and instruction to upper division students. When asked what volunteers would have to do, Professor Anthrax replied "Nothing really. We just inject them with carcinogenic materials, parasites or the AIDS virus, or expose them to certain types of radiation. Then they come in and we run some tests. On rare occasions we will have to to dissect one of them. It's an exciting opportunity to participate and contribute to real scientific research."

Despite the enthusiastic response from the upper classmen who have been waiting several weeks for new lab animals and the eagerness shown by the Biology 100 students, most of whom need the extra credit, there is one very strong dissenting voice. In a recent department meeting, animal research director and fellow Biology-100 professor Dr. Ben A. Paine pointed out that "The lab animals, even those we dissect alive, never experience any type of pain, cruelty or discomfort. Therefore, a biology student should not get any credit for being a lab animal."

During the heated discussion which followed his initial comment Dr. Paine sarcastically added "if we should give credit for being a lab animal then Ginger should be given a masters degree." Ginger is a Siamese cat that has already survived five types of parasites, 13 broken bones, 372 X-rays, the amputation of three legs, 65 kilos of saccharine, and complete submersion in Hydrochloric acid by a careless lab assistant.

SR Advisement Center

Hit the Tube, Not the Books

SR Advisement Center:
Some of my friends and I are going to be taking various graduate school tests in December. Since they are all objective, is there one good way to study for them all?
Future Grad.

Dear F.G.
First off, although most grad school tests are objective, they are not all the same. In fact, they can be as different as dusk and evening. Hence, I will give you a few tips for some of the biggies.

LSAT: This is my personal favorite. I have found (and studies support me) that although many prep classes are offered, the best study procedure is to consume mass quantities of pizza and watch hour upon hour of "L.A. Law" and "Perry Mason" reruns.

GRE: This one is a little tricky because no one who has ever registered to take it has shown up to be tested. However, it is rumored that Bob Kaplan (brother to Stanley) prep courses for the MCAT give a lot of help to those registered for the GRE.

MCAT: Because this acronym looks so similar to "LSAT", it obviously follows that the preparation would also be similar. Like with the LSAT, pizza is a major facet in of proper studying; however, the reruns should be of "St. Elsewhere" and perhaps an odd episode of "Emergency" or "Quincy." One drawback here, surprisingly, is that candidates who prepare this way score well below the national average on the exam. I guess there is no accounting for the "X-factor."

ACT: This isn't for grad school, but you could meet some really nice teenage tarts through this test.

ASVAB: This test, again is not for grad school per se, but it's great for those with a penchant for camaflauge who may not have the grades for an ROTC scholarship. This test might even be a fun way to wheel away that free Saturday, because this is not just a test, it's an adventure. whichever of these tests you are taking, remember : get a good nights sleep before. Take two or three sharpened number-two pencils and a bottle of Excedrin.

BYU Folklore:
DT Water Carnival

Folklore is a set of traditional tales, customs, sayings, or art forms preserved and passed on by a people. Here's this week's selection:

DT WATER CARNIVAL

It is said that every year when freshmen are feeling spunky and finals are drawing near, their thoughts inevitably turn to mischief. Their usual target is the head resident (in some dorm at Deseret towers, an authority figure who has responsibility for quelling fun of any sort.)

Students know that the head resident's room is on the ground floor and has its own private bathroom. Lucky head resident. Students also know the rudiments of fluid mechanics. Thus, they develop a plan to get revenge.

Every toilet on each of the six sleeping floors is manned by an eager volunteer. When the signal is shouted down the elevator shaft (some say they synchronize their watches instead), everyone flushes at once. The resulting backwash hits the head resident's toilet before it has had a chance to dissapate and—Boom!—the toilet becomes like a geyser or a vigorous firehose. Yes, water every where! Freshman fun.

So far injuries are unheard of, though some years the carpeting on the ground floor has had to be replaced.

(Story submitted by Bruce Pritchett)


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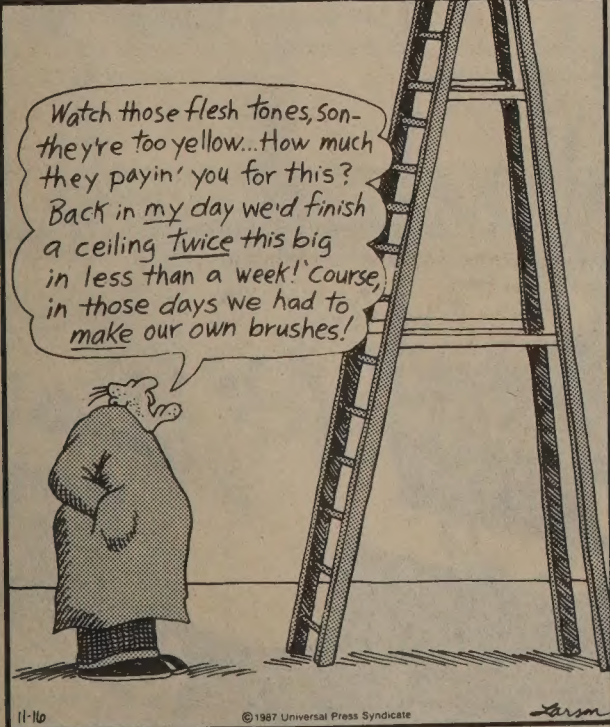
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The Other Side of Food

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100 North
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By GARY LARSON

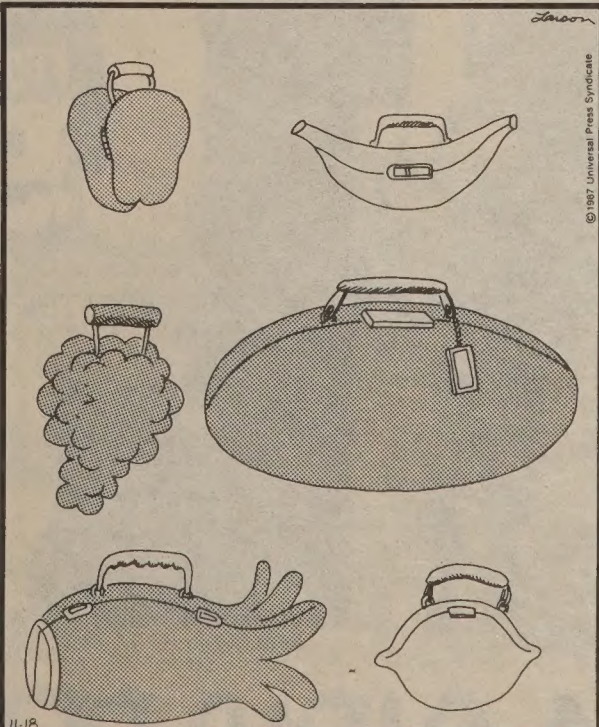


Watch those flesh tones, son—they're too yellow...How much they payin' you for this? Back in my day we'd finish a ceiling twice this big in less than a week! Course, in those days we had to make our own brushes!

Michelangelo's father

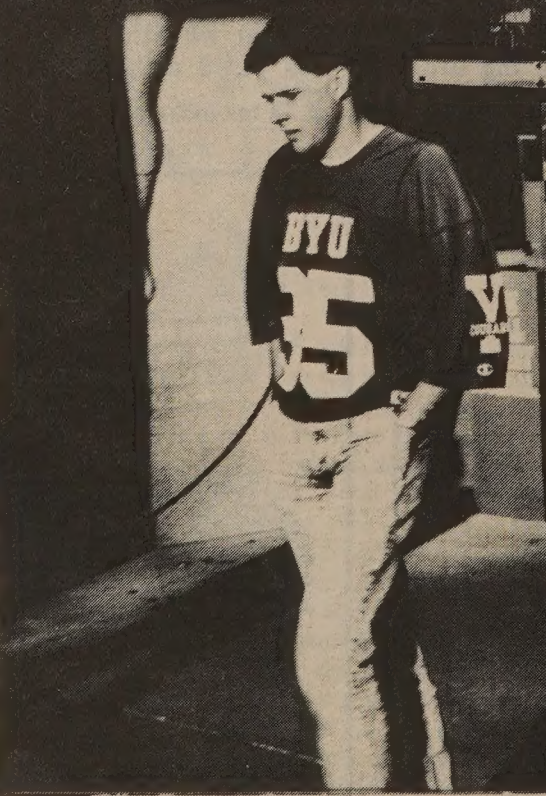
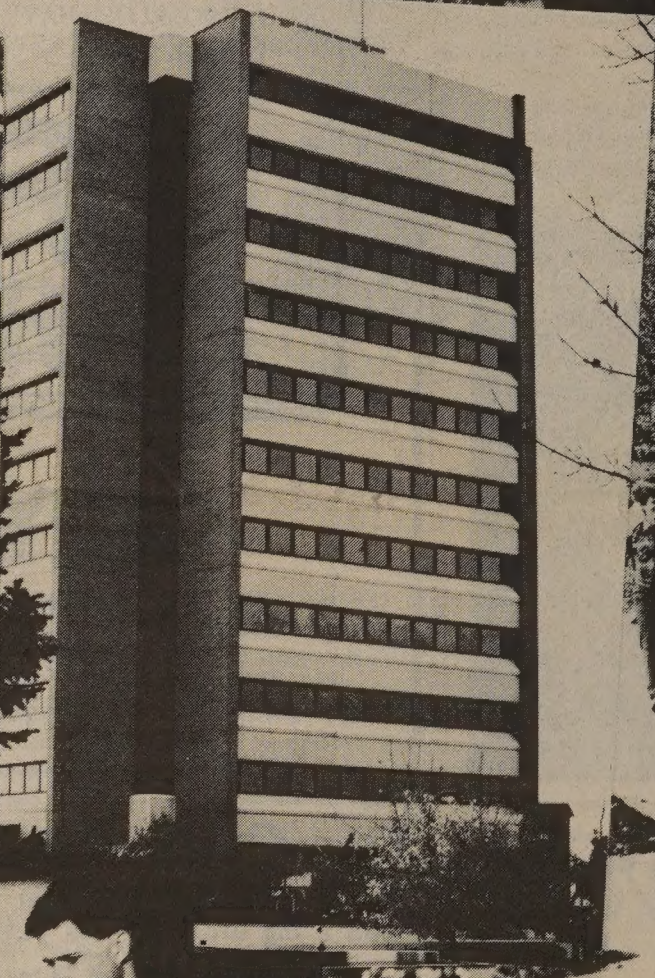
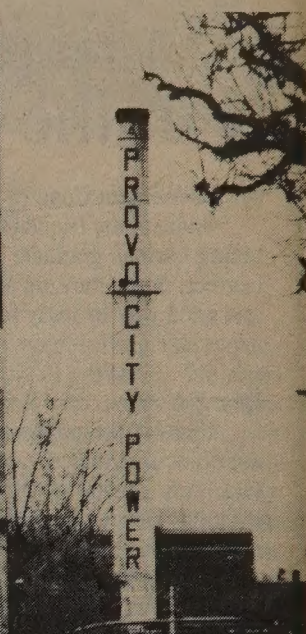


"OK. I'll go back and tell my people that you're staying in the boat, but I warn you they're not going to like it."



Fruitcases

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For Inquiring Minds

FOSSIL FOOL
Commenting on the recent round of budget negotiations, Rep. Claude Pepper (D-Fla.) declared that Social Security must not be cut to reduce the federal deficit. The 86-year-old legislator adamantly denounced the proposal, shouting "Over my dead body!" Hopeful Republicans calculated that the issue could be safely discussed as early as next month.

ELVIS STILL KING
After finishing a commercial promotion last week for Pepsi, Michael Jackson was treated in Tokyo for severe lower back pain. Doctors diagnosed the problem as a sprained pelvis and cautioned the singer to refrain from executing his famous "Bad thrust" for a least six months. It is widely rumored that the despondent superstar is considering plastic surgery.

WRIGHT WIMPS OUT
Speaker of the House Jim Wright came under fire in Washington last week for "acting like the Secretary of State" by meeting privately with Nicaraguan leader Daniel Ortega. Trying to quiet the controversy, Wright locked himself in his office, saw no one, did nothing, and took no phone calls. The week of complete inactivity infuriated aides to George Bush, who insisted that Wright is now "acting like the vice president." kk/mg

- Top 20
1. Beautiful Saturday afternoons
 2. Getting out of Provo
 3. Hot chocolate on cold mornings
 4. Tight stonewashed jeans
 5. Long distance phone calls from friends
 6. Doughnuts for lunch
 7. 2 Nephi 28,29
 8. Getting your Pell Grant
 9. Amadeus Sunday Afternoon
 10. Preference (being over)
 11. Cinnamon toast at apt. 106
 12. Rocky's new look
 13. "I think I'll sleep for just a minute longer."
 14. Soapbox activism
 15. Navy blue sailor coats
 16. Down comforters
 17. Loud music in the shower
 18. Made in Heaven
 19. Wood burning fireplaces
 20. Watching football

Bottom 10

"I'm selling this fudge to help pay for my mission. . ."; forgetting to study; near dead quarterbacks on the forty yard-line; lost computer files; "All carrier circuits are busy"; The Utah Jazz on the road; French Teachers who ask out their students; Waiting for a call that never comes; losing your keys; forgetting to put on deodorant.

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WE DELIVER!

Eavesdropping on Janitors

It seems as though one of the most common criticisms teachers write on student papers is: "This paper lacks direction." Well, I occasionally feel the same way about this column. Now, I know that the randomness of eavesdropping is the fun part, but how much better it would be to be random in a directional way. To this end, I will focus on departments, groups and types for a while and see how it goes. The thought of being singled out for what you are, rather than where you are, seems much more cruel and personal. I quite like that idea. Not only do I like it, but it's directional too.

Here's what I heard this week:

1st floor SWKT, Thursday, November 19, 1:17 pm.
Janitor: "Hey, there's that broken chair up on the sixth, don't forget. I guess some big chick munched it pretty bad."

Carson's Market, Wednesday, November 18, 2:07 pm.
1st janitor: "Hey, there's some kids over there drooling on those swimsuit magazines. Go tell them to move on and then start sweeping the back."
2nd janitor: "Well, I've seen you drooling over those books too."

1st janitor: "Just do it and shut up, ok?"
1st floor ELWC, Thursday, November 19, 4:27 pm.
Rookie janitor: "It's really hard to move stuff around during the day with all these people in here."
Experienced janitor: "Oh, the graveyard shift is the best for that. Besides, you can play video games and watch TV in the Memorial Lounge; you have the whole building to yourself. The only problem is that most of the crew are so weird you don't want to associate with them."

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EDITORIAL PAGE

Human Rights: The Spirit Is Willing, But . . .

by Connie Lael

I remember the first time I heard about the struggle for human rights in the world. I was about nine years old. My brother and I were playing a board game in the living room, and I was losing miserably. In hopes of evening the score, I began to critique his playing style.

"Cheater," I sneered.

My brother replied with the proverbial "Am not!" and of course I parried with "Are too!" after which he decided to try out some new vocabulary he had learned in school.

"You nigger!" he screamed at me.

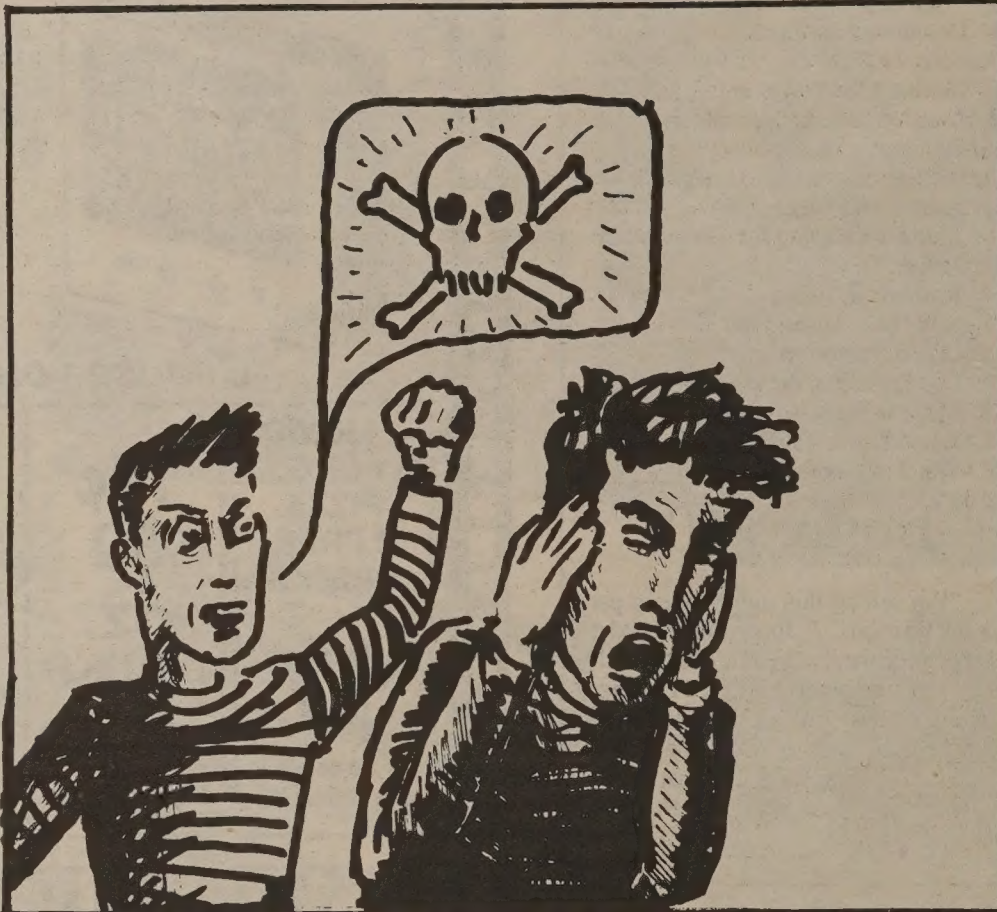
I hadn't heard that before and I was about to sock him to hide my ignorance when we heard my father coming from the kitchen. We could tell by the timbre of his approaching footsteps that we had done something wrong and were going to hear about it. When my father loomed in the doorway we were already pointing our fingers at one another and protesting our respective innocence. He didn't even listen.

"I NEVER, EVER want to hear that word in this house again! DO YOU HEAR ME—EVER!" His voice was so loud it drowned out our whining and I began to cry. I always cried. Dad couldn't stand it and usually softened up. It worked this time, too.

Dad crouched to our level and in a quieter voice asked, "Do you know what that word means?" My brother and I shook our heads and I added a few tearful hiccups to demonstrate my contrition. Dad explained not only the etymology of the word, but everything else that went with it. We learned about the Civil War and the Ku Klux Klan and people like Harriet Tubman, Abraham Lincoln, and Martin Luther King, who tried to put a stop to bigotry.

I thought about my father's words for weeks, and that awful slur rang in my head and came to represent all the unreasonable hatred and anger the world could perpetrate on a people. I was ashamed to be a member of my own race and sometimes when I was alone I would cry or pray to God to put a stop to that ugliness.

My best friend, Ruby, was black and sometimes I would have nightmares that



SR art by Tyler Pinegar

slave traders had come for her, pulling her out of the arms of her screaming family, or that men in white robes burned crosses on her lawn, raising their fists and shaking them at Ruby as she stood looking out of the front window. Sometimes in my dreams I was Ruby, staring out of the window and feeling their hatred or crying all alone in the night for my parents.

I started to read books about all the heroes of the Civil Rights Movement, and sometimes I would pretend that I was a conductor on the Underground Railroad, or a little slave girl hiding in a secret compartment in the wall of a Quaker home. I would be a Union soldier, fighting so that all men could

be free, or a black woman on a bus refusing to relinquish her seat to a white man. I read books about American Indians, Nazi Holocaust victims and apartheid, always thinking about the people who stood up to the evil and wishing that I, too, could fight. I dreamed of all the things I could do when I was old enough. When I grew up I would learn what needed to be done and I would do it.

Several weeks ago BYU had its annual Human Rights Symposium. An article in the Daily Universe said that out of 27,000 students, only 50-90 people attended each lecture—"a fraction of one percent" of the student body. I myself was not in that fraction. One Saturday in Ogden's West Municipi-

pal Park, a multitude of BYU students protested the formation of a branch of a white supremacist church in Ogden and Utah Valley, and I just couldn't find the time to join the protest. Of course, I made excuses to myself, but I had nothing so important to do that I couldn't have rearranged my schedule. To tell the truth, I slept in that morning.

All my life I have been taught that evil requires active opposition at the individual, family and community levels, that none of us can truly appreciate our own freedom if we do not fight so that other people can have theirs. Somehow that still didn't pull me out of bed Saturday.

I disagree with people who think that bigotry, like disco, is an obsolete social phenomenon. The very existence of the Aryan Nations Church, the KKK and other hate groups negates this idea. If anything, racial prejudice has only become more subtle, and therefore, more easily ignored.

I realize that for all my good intentions, I still have not actively joined in the fight against bigotry to any significant extent. I guess I thought I could maintain my own morality even if I allowed this evil to slip in around me. I was wrong.

There are plenty of opportunities to serve in the human rights arena; from spending a few hours writing letters for Amnesty International to serving in the Peace Corps or on a mission. Any work to combat prejudice and cruelty and promote love and understanding is a valuable contribution, and one that any individual can make. Ignorance or inability are excuses I have no right to claim.

For me the struggle begins by fighting the inertia that would allow me to stand by and do nothing; the inertia that makes it unpleasant to get out of a warm bed on an early weekend morning. That same inertia, manifest in society, upholds the status quo that allows millions to be oppressed. It is the greatest barrier to universal human rights. When I was young I dreamed of all I would do for the world and its people, but now I have not only the power to act upon those dreams, but the responsibility as well.

Statistics Is No Laughing Matter

by The Statman of the Daily Universe

Editor's Note—Elden C. Nelson inserted a facetious comment about statistics majors in his article in last week's Review: "Incidentally, there is such a thing as a 'Statistics Major,' although nobody knows why." "Statman of the Daily Universe" swiftly replied with this rebuttal:

There is a common misunderstanding of what a statistics major does once s(he) graduates. Many think that all statisticians do is work for the Wide World of Sports program. Well, this just isn't the case. I will paint a picture of what your latter-day life would be like without statistics. First, picture a world without air. Now, I'm not saying air is statistics, but the concept is the same. Statistics has encompassed our world to the point that everyone uses its techniques, yet no one really sees the source. I will give a few ways that statistics enriches our everyday lives.

Many statisticians who work in the field of medicine often save many lives as an indirect result. When was the last time you went to the pharmacy or the drugstore to get some over-the-counter or prescription drugs? The United States Food and Drug Administration's statisticians were working

before you could get those drugs to make sure they did what the company said they would and to make sure they had no harmful side effects. If these statisticians didn't exist, we would still be in the age of Dr. Zigmoe's cure-all snake oil.

Another area in statistics that affects our everyday lives is industrial quality control. This is the area where Americans should be a bit ashamed. W. Edwards Demming, a noted statistician, first tried to teach the American industries about how statistical quality control could increase the life of their product and therefore give better warranties and increased profits. Rejected in America, Demming went to Japan and taught them the principles of the science. Now Japan, with their use of these principles and others developed by Japanese quality scientists, is a leader in producing excellent quality in industrial products.

I bet you wish that all your teachers who rigidly stick students to a normal curve for grading had a clue about statistics. If this were the case, the hated "curve breaker" would not exist. The teacher would see such individuals as outliers (not representative of the population) and not include

them in the process of grading student performance.

Are you all beginning to realize that modern life wouldn't be possible without the statistician? I hope so. I mean really, what would General Conference be without the reading of the statistics? To give you all a hint of some of the other areas where statistics is used without going into much detail, I'll list a few of those areas: psychology, recreational therapy, sports, research, the census, polling of people, insurance, business (sales forecasting), engineering, chemistry, and physics. A professor of statistics here at BYU has a saying that the definition of a statistician is, "The guardian of the scientific method."

I hope you now see why there are "Statistics Majors." If it weren't for us, life wouldn't be what it is. To prepare for these different areas of need, the Statistics Department at BYU offers a BS in statistics, statistics with emphasis in actuarial science, statistics/computer science, statistics/business, quality science with emphasis on industry, and quality science with emphasis on management. An MS in statistics is also available at BYU.

Rob Eaton

Iran-Contra Report: Mistakes in Judgment?!

It is true that a person's description of an elephant depends largely on his vantage point. When it comes to the Iran-Contra hearings, however, the difference between what the majority saw and what Dick Cheney and his friends claim to have seen is so great that it suggests the administration apologists were looking at a different creature altogether.

Mr. Cheney's report, which was not signed by such notable Republican committee members as Senators Warren Rudman and William Cohen, actually refers to the Iran-Contra debacle as a collection of "mistakes in judgment, nothing more." What's disturbing about this comment is that the Republicans who signed their names to it appear to have been serious.

Granted, the Democratic handling of the hearings was hardly flawless. The committee counsellors were allowed to pursue lines of questioning that should have been left to the committee members; they also knew little or nothing of subtlety. Probably the biggest mistake was made by Chairman Daniel Inouye, who failed to steer the hearings in a more dignified, non-partisan direction.

Yet despite such problems, the hearings still turned up a lot of important information—information that should be very disturbing to all those who truly respect and revere the Constitution. In Oliver North's testimony before the committee, it became painfully clear that North and those with whom he worked felt the importance of the Contra cause merited an end-around of the constitutional system. Lt. Colonel North had been frustrated with Congress; he felt that the American public hadn't been given an accurate picture of the Nicaraguan situation. So in violation of U.S. law—which is, incidentally, what we call even the most stupid ideas legislated by Congress and signed by the President—Mr. North, with the approval of the then-National Security Adviser John Poindexter, proceeded to implement his own will.

North and Poindexter probably were right in assuming that Ronald Reagan would appreciate someone, without the President's knowledge, continuing support for the Contras, even if it were with illegally diverted funds. Poindexter was probably doing what Reagan silently wished his national security adviser would do when he allowed funds to be diverted to the Contras without allowing knowledge of the action to trickle up to impeachable ears. Reagan shares the blame for the affair, not only because of incompetent management that allowed such significant activity to go on without his knowledge, but also because of his conspicuous failure to condemn the behavior of his former aides.

North and Poindexter were acting, much as Patrick Henry did when he opposed ratification of the Constitution, as true patriots. Patriotic intentions, however, do not sanctify deliberately unconstitutional actions—actions that result not from poor judgment, but from skewed priorities. At the National Security Council it was a choice between the Contras and the Constitution, and the Constitution lost. North and Poindexter decided that furthering the Contras' cause was more important than abiding by their own government's decisions. Those decisions had been made in accordance with the process outlined by the Constitution. It is a process which frustrates almost anyone who has ever participated in it. But, as Representative Lee Hamilton told North, we know of no better system. We simply cannot afford to follow its rules only when they yield results we like. Selective adherence to the laws effectively erodes the viability of the process.

By calling the Iran-Contra affair a collection of "mistakes in judgment" and nothing more, Mr. Cheney and his friends have revealed that they either slept through the hearings or that they share North and Poindexter's values. Thank heavens they are in the minority. And these patriots' actions are particularly disturbing because they resulted not from poor judgment, as the Cheney report maintains, but rather from a belief held by North and Poindexter that the merit of a particular cause justifies a set of values that exalts the merit of a particular cause over the justifiability of the methods used to further that cause—a set of values in which the ends justify the means.

Library Noise: Myth or Reality

by Chad Westover

"More immediately, we [the administration] propose to . . . close off the library's south entrance . . . !"

This was an unpopular memo in response to the noise level problem in the library. But closing off the south entrance of the library? How will I get from the MARB to the JKHB?

This idea of closing off the south entrance was brought up during the summer term and was received with differing views from both students and faculty. The majority of students and faculty members understand the need to reduce the library noise, but understanding isn't enough.

In order to understand this noise problem, we need to understand its source. The following quotes are typical examples of boisterous library conversation. (The names have been changed to protect the guilty).

Third floor reading room:
Buck: "Dude, I got a gnarly new axle for my Chevy half-ton!"
Jack: "Cool man! When can I check it out?"

Fifth floor juvenile book section:
Betty: "Oh my heck, yur not goin' home ta Burley fer Thanksgiving?"
MaryJo: "No, I'm goin' to Escalante with this real special guy."

Fifth floor courtesy phone:
John: "I don't understand Susan, why won't you go out with me anymore? Look, I talked with my bishop and he said everything was OK . . . Did you talk to your bishop yet?"

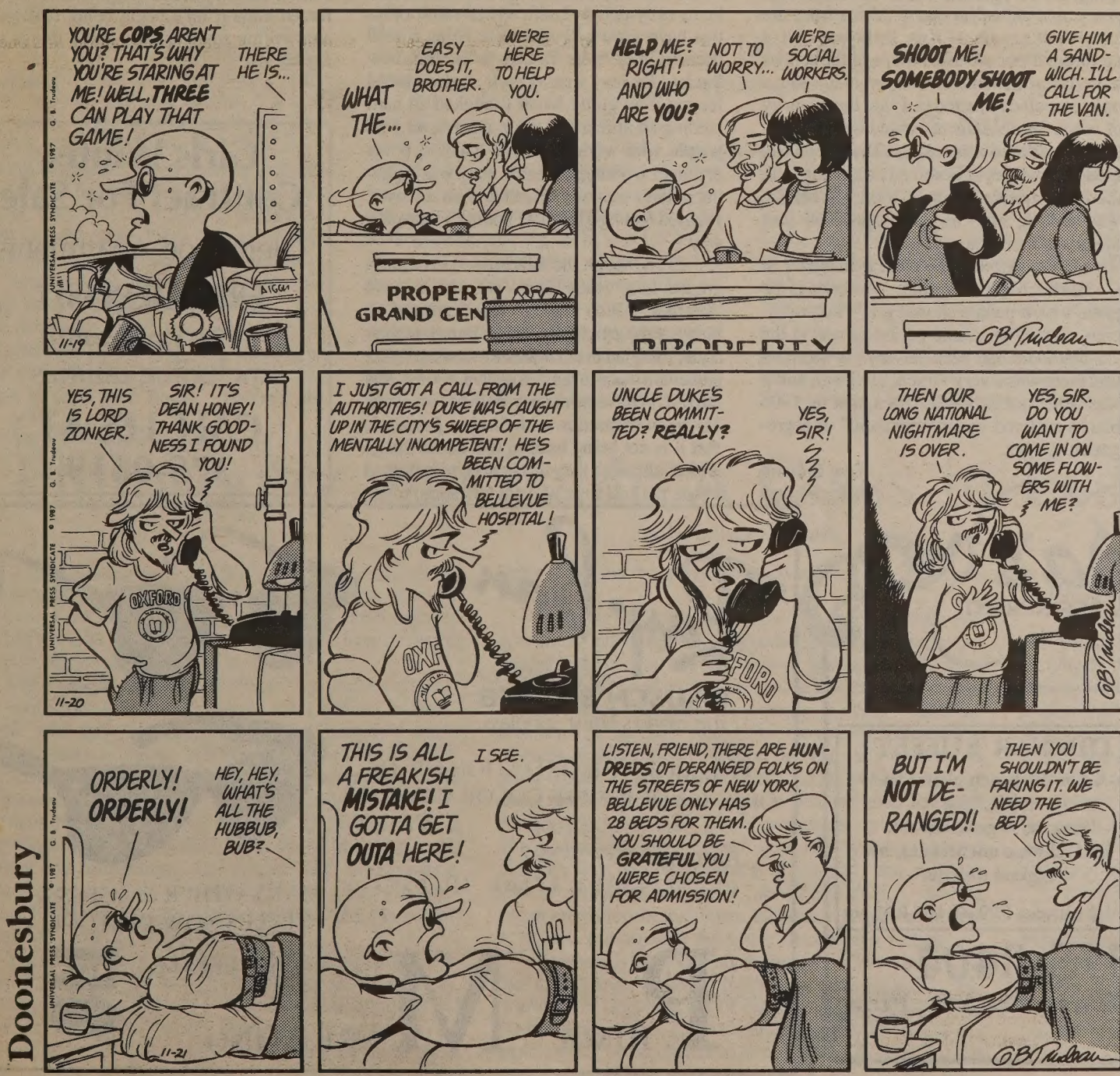
Interesting as these conversations may be, I doubt this was in the original plan for the use of the library. If we as students, faculty members and administration want academic excellence, we must pay the price. Using the library as a social hall will not help us achieve this end. We need the cooperation of everyone to create serious study space in our library. The library is a place to "seek [ye] out . . . the best books," not the best guys or chicks.

BYU is becoming more respected as a great university in our nation. This shows that the majority of the students really want and need serious study space in our library. We can't let a problem such as library noise get in our way. In order to keep a trend of excellence moving, we must be able to utilize this costly edifice as a quality university library.

Finals are fast approaching, so when you enter the big building west of the Wilkinson Center, remember that it is a library, and our academic excellence depends on all of us.

Send Letters to the Editor to Student Review P.O. Box 7092 Provo, Utah 84602

DOONESBURY



P.O. Box 7092

Cussing

Editor:

Colin Bay's essay "Cussing: A Personal History" reminded me of a line from Gertrude Hall's English translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Having been made the target of a painfully dull insult, Cyrano recoils with a rhetorical barrage of much more poignant derisions from which Cyrano's slanderer might have selected. Cyrano concludes with this exclamation:

That, my dear sir, or something not unlike, is what you would have said to me, had you the smallest leaven of letters or of wit; but of wit, O most pitiable of objects made by God, you never had a rudiment, and of letters, you have just those that are needed to spell "fool!"—But, had it been otherwise, and had you been possessed of the fertile fancy requisite to shower upon me, here, in this noble company, that volley of sprightly pleasantries, still should you not have delivered yourself of so much as a quarter of the tenth part of the beginning of the first.

Had Cyrano conformed to Colin's appreciation of the power to swear and offend, and appealed to an arsenal of vulgarities instead of creatively and masterfully composing a "volley of sprightly pleasantries," Edmond Rostand's comedy would certainly not have endured the nineteenth century.

Dallin Oaks well expressed this idea:

Profane and vulgar expressions are public evidence of a speaker's ignorance, inadequacy, or immaturity. A speaker who mouths profanity or vulgarity to punctuate or emphasize speech confesses inadequacy in his or her own language skills. Properly used, modern languages require no such artificial boosters.

The use of colorful language is anything but colorful when it limits the speaker's expressions of extreme anger, slanderous insult, euphoric passion, and

Outrun the Night

Editor:

BYU's production of *Outrun the Night* by graduate student K. Michael Wright claims to portray the mind set that caused the horrors of apartheid in South Africa, between 1868 and 1906. Furthermore, director Ivan Crosland claims that *Outrun the Night*, "Demonstrates the cruelty that embodies the apartheid idea." Nothing could be further from the truth. It is sad that this unscholarly melodrama should have been chosen to represent BYU at the American College Theatre Festival.

BYU as a university has always prided itself on honesty and intellectual excellence. Is the Theatre Department exempt from these standards?

If Professor Crosland believes slavery and horrible violence of whites on blacks and vice versa, are the roots of apartheid, he is very much mistaken. His claim that the "mind set" of vicious violence "still exists" today is also very insulting. The vast majority of both white and black South Africans are non-violent people.

This play, contrary to Professor Crosland's claim, has nothing to do with apartheid. For one thing, the play is set in 1906. The very word "apartheid" only came into being in 1948, when D.F. Malan and his National Party came into power. Malan's "program of separate racial development" was implemented in South Africa from the early 1950's to mid 1970's. In the late 1970's up through our present time, apartheid laws have been dismantled one by one. In an opinion poll conducted in 1986, the majority of white South Africans stated that they believed apartheid was wrong. The liberal and moderate whites of South Africa, along with the vast majority of patient, moderate blacks, are working hard to make apartheid past history in their country.

At one point in the play, a character in *Outrun the Night* states that, "America is the place where people should go." Yet, ironically, during this same period, it was in the US that there had been slavery. It was here that there was a very violent civil war, and it was here, not in South Africa, that in 1906 blacks suffered under "apartheid" or segregationist laws.

Tom Sollami
Pieter Willers

Review Should Cover More Serious Issues

Editor:

I wish that one of my eloquent friends would write this article. But most of them don't feel like writing for the *Review* right now, and one of them couldn't handle BYU anymore and left, so I guess I'll give it a shot.

When *Student Review* first came out last year, I saw it as something that could give me a sense of community as well as fill some of the gaps I saw in my slightly lopsided education at BYU. Each week I excitedly opened a new issue to laugh about things like leaves being sucked off trees before they ever get a chance to fall on sacred grass, to cut out Karl G. Maeser beards for the student directory, or to get my weekly Gary Larsen fix. I was also delighted to find in the *Review* an all-too-rare sounding board for liberal viewpoints in addition to those which permeate our community. I even thought of writing for the *Review*, but it seemed that most of the people who already were writing said things a lot better than I could. And I knew, anyway, that I couldn't possibly write in the tongue in cheek style of some of my favorite articles.

As time went on I began noticing that there were some attitudes implied in articles which left a bitter taste in my mouth. Most people who were writing articles appeared to feel that if an article is going to be published in the *Review*, it has to have a sophomoric levity or cynicism. I noticed that some topics that have great potential were being ruined because they were forced to fit this new *Student Review* writing style. I also started feeling a bit guilty when I laughed so hard reading an article like those interviews with people who work in places I would never dream of working, for I saw that I was laughing at their weaknesses rather than my own. I started feeling glad that I couldn't write that way.

Even though the hilarious style of early articles like "Huck Finn Visits the Y," and "Getting a Free Lunch" has digressed in many of the articles that try to immitate their style, I'm glad that *Student Review* can offer students a place to laugh together in ways that the *Daily Universe* never would accomodate. My main frustration with *Student Review* is that it is not being used to talk about things which, although they direly need to be talked about, the *Universe* will not talk about them.

I doubt that the problem is not so much that *Student Review* does not want to deal with these issues, but that students don't feel that they can submit such articles to the *Review*. I haven't felt that I could because the prevailing tone in the *Review* was one of humor and of a nonserious outlet from the seriousness that we find ourselves in. *Student Review* offers much more to us than laughs though. Admittedly, there is more than that, but not enough.

I would like to see *Student Review* overcome the fear that it has of meeting the same demise as the *Seventh East Press*. Some of the most pressing issues at BYU are religious, and if *Student Review* will not deal with the conflicts that so many students suffer from, then those issues will not be dealt with at all. If struggles and conflicts are discussed we can come to intelligent, mature decisions. As it is, everyone keeps their struggles of staying active in an imperfect Church and of faith in the unseen to themselves, and we do not grow as we could. I am convinced that the greatest way for students at BYU to grow is to vocalize the difficulties that they have and to reach out to one another to grow as a community. We recognize that there is a difference between being iconoclastic and being honest in our feelings. Rather than feeling that we need to hide behind masks of forced humor, let's begin being really real and writing some articles about things that trouble us.

Matt Isom

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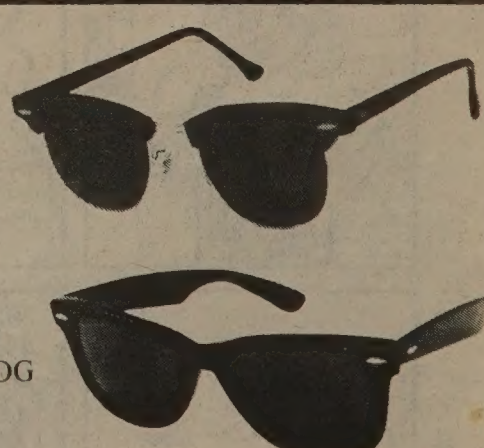
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ARTS & LEISURE

Turkeys From Hell

On Thanksgiving and the Domestic Turkey

By Stephen Jackson

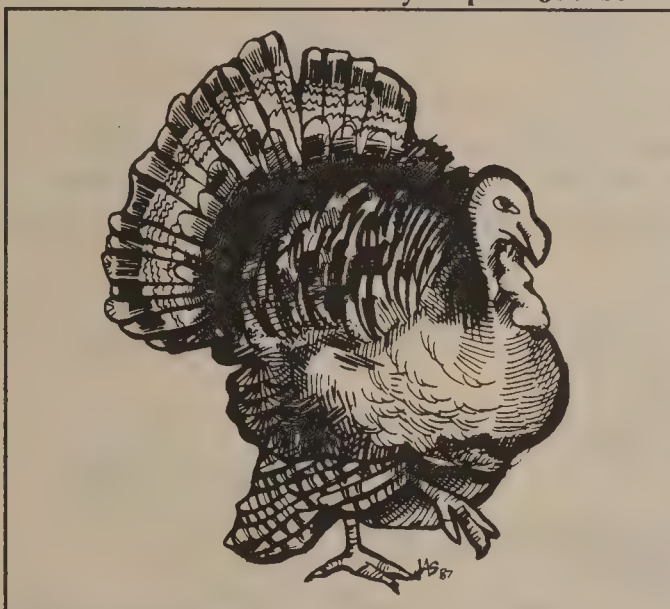
Many of you are going to take part in a wonderfully American ritual this Thanksgiving: the devouring of a turkey. Of course some of you still insist on being vegetarians—well you can suck on tofu along with your cranberries all day long—but for me and my house, we shall eat turkey.

What is it about this basting of the butterball, this pouncing of the poultry? What is our obsession with the turkey? Is it because the Pilgrims at Plymouth did it? Actually, it is. And also because your grandmother fixed turkey, and her mother, and everybody's mother since our forefathers made friends with the Indians have spent all morning on the fourth Thursday in November preparing a meal so their hungry family could spend the next thirty minutes gorging themselves. It's part of our country's folklore. And while the Pilgrims' turkey was of the wild sort (actually quite a wily, cunning bird) the process with a domestic turkey is the same: Get turkey, prepare turkey, eat turkey, eat more turkey. The Thanksgiving turkey feast is a family ceremony.

One must really consider the turkey, the domesticated descendant of *Meleagris gallopavo*, in order to appreciate the turkey dinner, the evening meal turkey sandwiches, the next day's turkey casserole, and then even more sandwiches. You need to know how that turkey got from the farm to the store.

The facts are essential here. The turkey is the dumbest of all God's creatures. Sheep are certainly stupid, but they rarely inflict severe wounds upon one another in a fit of excitement. A group, or brood, or pen (herd, rookery, gaggle?) of turkeys is an accident waiting to happen. Killing a turkey is an easy thing to do. You can shout at it (it has a heart attack), kick it (very sensitive internal organs), or even easier, leave the turkey alone. It will find a senseless way to die on its own.

Some turkeys drown. Intrigued by rain drops pelting down on their wattles, they raise their ugly, naked, red heads to the sky and their beak fills up with water, closing off their air passageway; they die because they forget to look back down. Turkeys also



SR art by Julie Stonebraker

choke on their own dust. One turkey will get scared by something (maybe a rock, or a feather, or even a passing cloud) and will start to run around. The others, not wanting to miss out on the excitement, also begin to run around. Pandemonium ensues. Turkeys get trampled to death, backed up into corners and suffocated, and their eyeballs get gorged out; it's gruesome, it's turkey bedlam. And they do all this without any drugs, rock concerts, or artificial stimulants. A turkey's life is exciting enough.

But a turkey might just as well die. Of course, to the turkey farmers in Sanpete County (Central Utah), they would just as soon the turkey die after being taken to the processing plant in Moroni. A turkey farmer's job is to help his little birds grow up into big birds, thus fetching a fine price at market time. Turkey farmers themselves are an interesting breed. They are very organized. They have a local co-op consisting of a feed mill, hardware store, and of course, the processing plant. If you buy a Norbest turkey at your local grocery store there's a good chance it came from Moroni

(the town not the angel). Sanpete is the second largest turkey-producing county in America. If you have ever traveled through that part of Utah and looked out into a vast sea of white feathers and galvanized coops, and smelled the odor of burning turkey dung, you know why.

I went to sixth grade with a girl named Signe Olsen who that summer had raised the largest turkey in the world according to Guinness. The turkey weighed 66 pounds. It was huge. No coyote would come near it. It was known to chew on big fat grasshoppers for snacks. Its fleshy caruncle hung off its face in a twisted sneer.

This turkey was the farmyard bully, a real fearsome fowl. This Tom was different than the other birds—it was afraid of nothing. It was a turkey from hell. That fall the Olsens had turkey sandwiches for about a month.

The lifetime of a turkey is fairly short, but then, what's time to a turkey? In late summer and early fall the turkey farmers pull

This turkey was the farmyard bully, a real fearsome fowl . . . It was a turkey from hell

up to the coops with long trailers containing cages. The turkeys get excited, they think they are going on a trip. They are. Stupid birds, stupid birds. They peer nervously out of their little wire compartment. They talk with each other, "Hey, where are we going?", "Oh, so that's what it looks like over that hill," and "Say, this is quite a splendid view!" Gobble, Gobble, Gobble. "Wow, check out that big coop over there!" Gobble, Gobble. Stupid birds. They don't know it, but this is

the death ride, the trip to the processing plant, the last hurrah.

The next part is pretty ugly, and not the sort of thing one usually dwells on while waiting patiently for a delicious meal; nevertheless, it is part of understanding and appreciating the turkey.

The initial step taken in changing that stupid bird into a holiday feast begins with some cold blooded killing. The turkeys are put into a holding room, and then hung up by their feet, strapped in with cold metal clasps. This room is aptly called the killing area. As each turkey passes by it gets its throat slit with a very large, shiny knife. The blood roars out, down into a passageway, and eventually into a drain. A river of blood. The birds are then whisked along into the sterilizing area where they are steam cleaned, boiled, scrubbed, irrigated, and receive an enema. No more frantic eyes, no more Gobble, Gobble. Just a shiny hunk of pink, steaming flesh making its way along the dis-assembly line to the cutting area.

The rest of the story is pretty much business: dividing, separating, packaging, wrapping, stamping, loading, shipping. Finally, it makes its way to the store, into the meat section. Now it is a dead, frozen, stupid bird.

Oh but the wonderful things you can do with a turkey! Breasts, fryer legs, turkey franks, turkey bologna, turkey sausage, whole turkeys, smoked turkeys, turkey roll, chopped turkey—any possible thing a turkey can be made into by forming, beating, chopping, or stuffing—can be eaten. And the best part is that turkey is good for you. It's healthy. Doctors (and turkey farmers) want you to eat turkey. Who would have ever thought that such a stupid bird could be transformed into such a smorgasbord? Who would have imagined that someday Americans would gather around a table and show thanks by ripping apart a bird? Well, besides the Pilgrims.

*Steve's going to London next semester.
He's going to write.*

Class Review

Philosophy and Faith: A Class in Essential Skills

by Kristina Stewart

I have heard claims that BYU philosophy courses are narrow minded. I, however, have not found this to be true in the least. I am now completing a course in Philosophical Writing (Phil. 311) with Dr. Terry Warner and have never felt so optimistic about philosophy or humanity.

Many people carry the attitude of: "So, you're a philosophy professor...well you obviously don't believe in God." People with this preconception about philosophers surely have not taken a course at BYU, and especially from Dr. Warner. While attending UCLA I did find many cases where the previous statement would be true—many non-LDS philosophers construct systems which do not include deity in their theoretical frameworks. I have found that despite the brilliant and enlightening theories that these men produce, basic questions remain unsolvable, such as: what is the purpose of life? How does man find happiness? And, can he exist in harmony with the rest of humanity?

These and other fundamental topics are brought out in Dr. Warner's course. The loss of virtue in our modern society, self-betrayal and self-justification, exemplary individuals and societies, freedom and agency, and social constructionism are some of the other issues which have come forth in the class. Each semester is handled differently with a different text

being read—but the above topics always seem to be brought out.

This course fulfills the Junior Advanced Writing Requirement, indicating the substantial quantity of writing involved in the course. Dr. Warner once said in class, "I cannot teach you to be good writers until I have taught you to be good thinkers. Once you have the capacity to wrap your mind around a topic and fully analyze it—the writing is then just its physical manifestation." Hence Dr. Warner's purpose is multi-faceted in this course. First, get the student thinking about philosophically important issues, and then help him consider the answers the gospel provides to these questions. The student also gains the ability to read and comprehend complex texts and philosophical arguments—this skill can then be applied to any sort of literature or dogma. Having begun to develop these abilities, the student is then required to synthesize and organize the issues into his own writing.

The class is limited to approximately fifteen students so that a high level of verbal interaction can take place. Dr. Warner also organizes out-of-class gatherings in which we further pursue topics, either the ones discussed in class or any topic we feel we would like to bring up. Dr. Warner finds his greatest reward in seeing student growth, and it is comforting

as a student to have the patience and support of a professor of such high intellectual stature.

Dr. Warner attended BYU for his undergraduate studies and Yale for his graduate work. Last year at Oxford he was a visiting Senior Member of the Linacre College and of the sub-faculty of philosophy. Dr. Warner is now a life-time visiting lecturer at Oxford where he will be returning in April to lecture and complete his book on self-deception and collusion. In regards to publishing, Warner posed, "All things excellent are as difficult as they are rare." Dr. Warner does not feel the need to publish unless it is something of great worth. "Sometimes the political dimensions outweigh the intellectual ones—people are in it for their own promotion as opposed to searching for the truth. I love the truth above all things."

I would highly recommend this class, or Dr. Warner's other course (Topics in Philosophy) to any student interested in pursuing these philosophical questions. It is not only the knowledge that one would learn in these classes, but the reading, writing and argumentative skills that are developed which make these classes taught by Dr. Warner vital in a complete education.

Kristina has a pit bull named "Chaps."

Billy Bragg: Singing the Government Down

by Mason Barlow

Perhaps one of the most powerful songwriters wasn't an American. He was a Swedish guy called Joe Gill, and you don't see him doing any gigs anymore because for writing trade union songs and being a member of a trade, he was shot by a firing squad in Utah. Fortunately, those practices are past now. Thank heavens for that. You won't catch me doing any gigs in Utah.

—Billy Bragg, 1987

Amidst the shallow trends and plastic faces of today's music industry, Billy Bragg sounds a powerful dissent, carrying the banner of the urban folk rock movement on his shoulder. His club act consists of a forceful voice, accompanied by a ragged guitar, and an extremely opinionated message which he refuses to hide behind the music. Trumpeting the socialist call, his music and commentary are easily mistaken for history seminars sponsored by Britain's Labor Party.

Billy Bragg's lyrics are political and enunciated clearly, leaving no room to escape his message. With youthful conviction, he tugs directly on the listener's conscience with an articulate view of the world, forcing him to think about uncomfortable and yet important issues. From Talking to the Taxman about Poetry, battle cries like "There Is Power in a Union" and "Ideology" trumpet the plight of the worker and call on the dispossessed to get active in the political process. "The voices of the people are falling on deaf ears, when politicians all become carriers." Suggesting that the Young Republicans think again, "Help Save the Youth of America" passionately objects to U.S. involvement in Nicaragua's civil war. "They are already shipping the body bags, down below the Rio Grande/But you can fight for democracy here at home and not in some foreign land."

Bragg's club act often conjures up images of Victorian Age Britain from a downtrodden's point of view. Citing "the wonderful summer of 1649," he provided an historical dissertation on the abuses of power by the white middle class that "holds power to this day." Explaining the recent Labor Party defeat in the British general elections, he concluded "the greedy are more organized than the needy." He also decried Weinberger's interference in the election when the Secretary of Defense warned against a Labor proposal to remove all nuclear missiles from British soil.

Important to the communication of his message is his wit. Most would assume someone so wrapped up in the world's

problems to be rather dry, morbid, and even bitter. Rather, his humor serves as comic relief, facilitating the swallowing of his words. In "Greetings to the New Brunette," he declares "I'm celebrating my love to you with a pint of beer and a new tatoo." "The Warmest Room" discusses his plans for marriage, "I can't wait to take my blood test. Oh baby, let's take our blood test right now."

The message and its communication has consistently been Billy Bragg's goal, a revolutionary concept in today's pop culture. Consistent with this focus, he attempts to sell his records at rock bottom prices. I bought his latest compilation

double-album, Back to Basics, for under seven dollars. Comparably speaking, most two record sets run up to twelve.

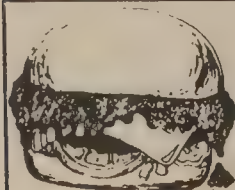
The unique mixture of cynicism and hope for the future is captured in essence in "A New England," "I saw two shooting stars last night. I wished on them, but they were only satellites." One may disagree with his message. Personally, I hold a much different world view. Billy Bragg makes one think and resolve head-on uncomfortable issues that plague our world. Only by challenging our own beliefs and world perspective can we strengthen and improve those same beliefs. So listen to Billy Bragg and contemplate our world and then... "think again."

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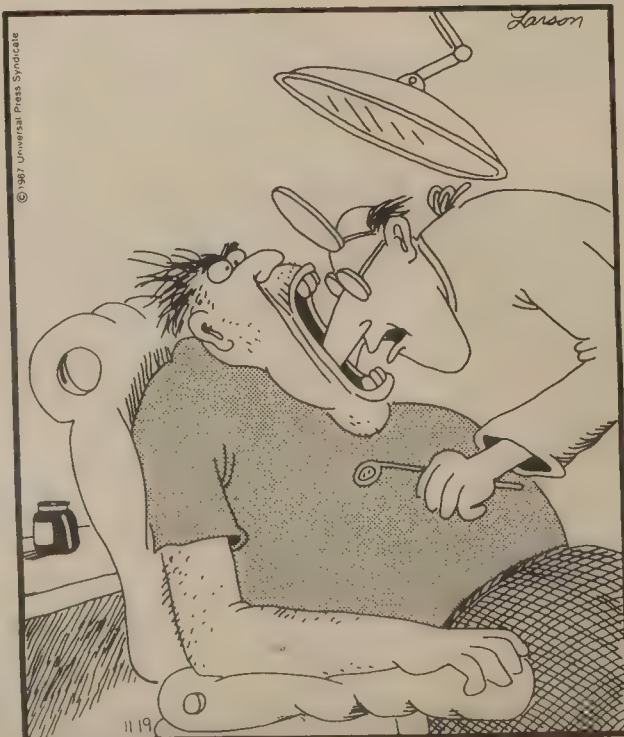
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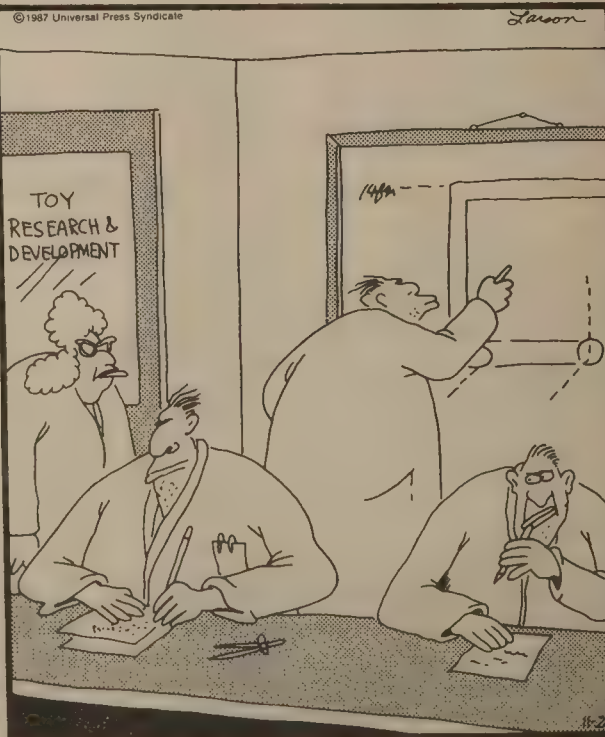
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"Good heavens, Mr. Farley, is that the end of someone's nose I see down there?"



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Houdini escapes from a black hole

By GARY LARSON

ARTS & LEISURE

British Comedy Soothes the Middle-Class Soul

by Bruce Jensen

It happened about three years ago. Some friends and I were gathered around the ol' motorola in our weekly ritual of watching our favorite sitcom. Nothing indicated to me that I was in for a soul-stirring, religious experience that night. No unexpected comets appeared in the sky, no triple-headed calves were born; it was an ordinary, hum-drum, middle-class, middle-American, waspish sort of night.

Then it happened: a tremendous burst of laugh-track accompanied by raucous laughter from my doubled-up, knee-slapping buddies. I looked around, puzzled. Had I missed something, I wondered? Did the punch line of the week pass me by? Oh well, no need to fret, I'll just catch the next moment of levity. Three one-liners, two cases of mistaken identity, and a pie-in-the-face gag later, I began to get seriously worried. Something was terribly wrong. I had quite definitely been paying attention, and as far as I could tell, nothing funny had happened.

Was I losing my sense of humor? Was this the first step down the road to stodgy dullardism? A vision of myself: middle-aged, balding, wearing an ill-fitting polyester suit and the initials CPA on my office door—floated into my mind. I passed out.

Some time later I awoke with questions in my mind: was this, was this my destiny? No, never for me, I still have a sense of humor. A wonderful sense of humor.

I set out on a quest to prove it to myself. I was determined to find something funny in that twenty-one inch box, even if I had to watch the President's State of the Union

Address.

An hour passed with no luck, then another. And another. No laughs came from that comic wasteland. My eyeballs began to take on the appearance of hypnotized ping-pong balls. The room took on an ominous appearance. Sinister shadows did a surreal dance in the flickering bluelight. The little hairs on the back of my neck began doing calisthenics. I could feel despair crouching behind my La-Z Boy like a possessed pit bull.

I couldn't take it anymore. I staggered to my feet. "Make me laugh, you accursed electronic fiend!" I cried. "Purge my soul of this satanic affliction! I beg of you, make me laugh!" But it was to no avail. My strength left me and I collapsed to the floor, landing in a quivering heap on the remote control.

As I lay there, engulfed in darkness, utterly devoid of hope... a voice came to me. It was an odd voice, not unkindly, laced with a wonderfully proper British accent, and a deliciously rejuvenating sense of puzzlement. It penetrated the blackness which possessed me and filled my inner being, my very essence with an undeniable warmth and a feeling of "well, that's all right then."

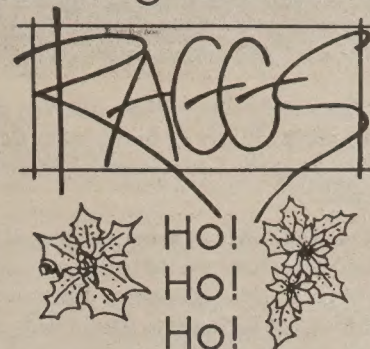
I struggled to my knees and gazed heavenwards through tear-filled eyes at the TV. I beheld a man, a tall, gangly man in an absurd tweed suit, his brow knitted in puzzlement, facing a belligerent American tourist. He spoke again. "Kick his... what?" A tear trickled down my cheek, past my slightly upturned mouth. "His... oh, oh, I see. You mean his bottom."

A chuckle came to me. Then a snigger.

Soon, I experienced a chortle, quickly followed by a full-fledged laugh. After a half-hour of comic bliss, I clicked the tube off, my eyes wet with tears of salvation. A hot-cocoa-ish sort of warmth filled my soul and as I went to bed that glorious night, I was content in the knowledge that I was saved. ... Yes, I was saved.

Look for Bruce's reviews of British comedy hits such as "Fawlty Towers," and "The Fall and Rise of Reginald Perrin" in upcoming issues.

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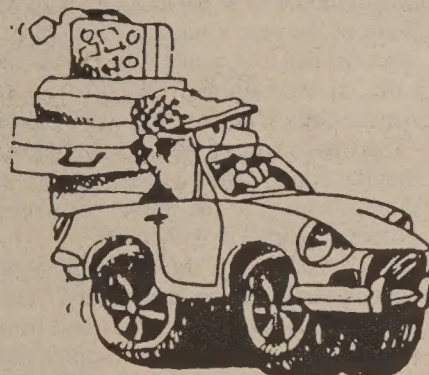
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The Pleasure Seeker

Four Square on the Four Corners

The Pleasure Seeker is often touted as the Pied Piper of Hedonism. Where he leads, many follow. This week he takes us to the Four Corners, for a date with a volleyball.

At various times by various modes of transportation, the Pleasure Seeker has traveled to the four corners of the earth in search of good, clean hedonism. But now times are different and the Pleasure Seeker is on a tight budget. Not to be denied his entertainment, the Pleasure Seeker and soulmates recently departed on a journey for the four corners of the great states of Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado—a journey to play foursquare.

The trip commenced with near tragedy as we initially forgot the ball. Upon returning, we discovered that none of us had the standard-issue, third-grade, red-rubber foursquare ball. Settling on a volleyball, the voyage was resumed. The drive would be long and taxing on both mind and body, but we were committed to the sport and to the idea of competing on the sacred ground of the only natural foursquare court in these United States. The many hours through Price and Green River were whiled away singing camp songs and mapping out our game strategy. We lunched in Moab at an A&W that didn't have frosted mugs and that was quite unapologetic about the fact. By force of habit, we also checked out the local True Value Hardware store. I'd never before seen a life-size, cardboard Pat Summerville dressed as a pilgrim, and quite frankly never hope to again. Hurrying out with our \$1.99 Carol Burnett Christmas tape we headed onward—onward to the four corners.

The late afternoon sun shone brightly on the monument. We had outrun the storm; life had never felt more complete. Even the Navajo girl charging the dollar entrance fee couldn't dampen our spirits. For the next two hours we foursquared till we couldn't foursquare anymore. Our only break came when a Japanese tour bus and a lady from Iowa stopped by for the

obligatory four corners photo (two feet in two states, two hands in the others, and a silly grin). The game was marred by constant squabbling over rules: which state deserves to be the A square; should backstops and baby bouncies be allowed;



SR art by Tyler Pinegar

when someone says "tap tap, no erasies 1987," does that really mean that you can't change the rules? Eventually the rules were settled, the game was played, and a winner was declared. All that was left was a quick game of Twister (right hand Colorado, left foot New Mexico) and then it was time to leave.

The return trip was unexpectedly long and arduous as a blizzard forced us to spend the night in Moab. The Moab Bowl-Ero didn't have automatic scorers. The cheese blintzes at the Pancake Haus were enough to make hearty Germans squeamish. But it didn't matter. The Pleasure Seeker had realized his goals, had sought his pleasure, had won at four-square. And no one, but no one could take that away.

Angels

★★

By Scott Seibers

Why? Why? Why? I could have gone to any movie this week but on a whim selected *Date With an Angel*. The problem is that this seemingly playful variation on Ron Howard's *Splash* lingers hauntingly well after all memory of the plot has faded away.

Jim Sanders is a young, budding composer happily engaged to a rich little socialite, Patty Winston (played by Phoebe Cates). What Sanders doesn't know is that a grapefruit-sized tumor is sharing space with his brain and will soon take his life. The angel sent to escort him into the afterlife sideswipes a satellite on her way down and ends up in Jim's pool with a broken wing. Jim's life then takes a turn for the madcap as his fiancée deserts him, her father sets out to maim him, and his maniac friends attempt to abduct the angel for commercial exploitation.

The angel, played by Emanuelle Beart (nudge, nudge, say no more), is so intensely beautiful that all who see her are instantly mesmerized. She has a face that can soothe charging Dobermans, calm homicidal fathers-in-laws, and coax two stars out of impressionable film reviewers.

I get the feeling that writer/director Tom McLoughlin is playing a cruel joke. *Date With an Angel*, although dressed up to pass for a harmless romantic comedy, could just as easily double as an erotic fantasy. Don't be fooled by the PG rating, this girl has X-rated eyes, accentuated by provocative camera angles and an alluring aura of pseudo-innocence betrayed by a subtle current of subterranean sensuality.

Ladies, if your beau casually suggests this film on a night out, casually insist on *Fatal Attraction* instead, or you'll end up being the third wheel on his date with an angel. Rated PG for vulgarity and...

Literature and Belief Contest

by Stephen Jackson

Undergraduate students at Brigham Young University have many opportunities to participate in university sponsored writing contests. One of the most recent contests is the David O. McKay Essay Contest, sponsored by the Religious Studies Center and the Center for the Study of Christian Values in Literature. This annual essay contest, funded by a gift from Obert C. and Grace Tanner, offers one of the highest monetary awards on campus for student writing: first, second and third prizes are \$1000, \$750 and \$500 each, with additional prizes of \$300 and \$200 also awarded. While other contests have similar rules and formats the prize money they offer is low compared to the McKay Essay Contest. This is a contest open to all full-time undergraduate students, yet last year's contest had less than 100 entries.

This is not necessarily an easy contest, but when you add up how many papers you have to write with no prize money offered, the time will be well invested for the winners. Essays must be between 3,000 and 5,000 words (about 10-12 double-spaced pages). That may discourage some potential entrants, but those willing to put some effort into developing and expounding on the theme will be duly rewarded.

The theme, The Restoration of the Gospel and Applied Christianity, is based on the application of gospel ideals in daily living. Don't let the name of the contest confuse you. The contest is set up by the Tanners to honor President McKay, not to solicit information about him. If you want to somehow relate President McKay to an essay, that's fine, as long as it ties in with the theme. The theme also mentions the restoration of the gospel. That does not mean the entries need to deal with the restoration period directly; it does

mean that an ideal contained in the restored gospel should be an integral part of the essay. Some of last year's winning titles were "The Doctrine and Covenants As a Handbook for Life," by Mark Burns; "The Gifts of Beggars Are the Gifts We Give," by Sage Draper; and "The Challenges of Practical Religion," by Stanley Soper. The emphasis should be on the application of the gospel (or a specific gospel principle) in daily living.

The judging of the essays is based on content, organization, and clarity. The entries are judged by faculty members from the English, religion, and philosophy departments. Entries must be typed, original, and unpublished. References, if used, should be documented using a relevant style manual form (MLA, Chicago, etc.). A cover sheet including the student's name, social security number, mailing address, and title of entry should be included.

The deadline is January 15, 1988. That gives everyone a chance to keep their computer plugged in over the holidays. All contestants will be notified of results by April 1, 1987. Each year the winning essays will be published in *The Restoration of the Gospel and Applied Christianity: Student Essays in Honor of President David O. McKay*. If you would like to read last year's winning essays, the 1987 issue is at the press now and will be available before the semester break.

Send entries to: David O. McKay Essay Contest, Religious Studies Center, 156 Joseph Smith Building, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah 84602. Any further information can be obtained from either the Religious Studies Center or the Center for the Study of Christian Values, 3072 JKHB, 378-3073.

Timpanogas

7:00 a.m.

Boy From a Cold 5th Level Library Window

Two knolls—her knees
and the vale between in shadows.
She sprawls back,
her fingers scarcely touch
her stony throne.
The raw sun cuts a crisp
edge of light
along the line of her
bare white arms and shoulders—
the rest of her in shadows but
her knees
and a thousand sodden autumn colors
rest in her lap upon the shadowed shroud
that drapes her knees—
her lovely lolling knees.
Half-draped, half-reclining nude
with a curious tuft of a black cloud
for a head

Philip White

the
wall

THE CALENDAR

Wednesday, November 25

theatre:
She Loves Me
Pardoe Drama Theater, 7:30 p.m.
film:
Varsity I
Hoosiers 4:30, 7:00, & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema
Where the River Runs Black (English) 3:15 & 6:45 p.m.
Rubber Tarzan (Danish) 5:10 & 9:45 p.m.
Blue Mouse
My Life as a Dog, 5:15, 7:00 & 8:45 p.m.
music:
Utah Symphony
Salute to Youth Concert
Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.

Thursday, November 26

theatre:
She Loves Me
Pardoe Drama Theater, 7:30 p.m.
film:
Varsity I
Hoosiers 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Blue Mouse
My Life as a Dog, 5:15, 7:00 & 8:45 p.m.
260 E. 100 S. 364-3471

Friday, November 27

theatre:
She Loves Me
Pardoe Drama Theater, 7:30 p.m.
A Christmas Carol
Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
tickets: 484-9257
film:
Varsity I
Project X 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Varsity II
Clue 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema
Where the River Runs Black (English) 3:15, 6:45 & 10:30 p.m.
Rubber Tarzan (Danish) 5:10 & 8:45 p.m.
Film Society
It's A Wonderful Life 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
214 Crabtree Building
Blue Mouse
My Life as a Dog, 5:15, 7:00 & 8:45 p.m.
260 E. 100 S. 364-3471

music:
Temple Square Concert Series
The beginning of the Christmas season on Temple Square, with nightly Christmas programs by outstanding musical groups
Christmas Lighting Ceremony with the Mormon Symphony and Chorus
Tabernacle, 5:30 p.m.
Viewmont High School Combined Choirs
Tabernacle 7:30 p.m.
Rainbow Connection
No. Visitors Center, 6:00 p.m.
So. Visitors Center, 6:45 p.m.
Wondrous Night
Assembly Hall, 8:30 p.m.
Utah Symphony
Haydn, Hindemith, Bruch
Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.
sports:
Women's Basketball, BYU vs. Weber State, Marriot Center, 5:00 p.m.
Basketball, BYU vs. Montana State, Marriot Center, 7:35 p.m.

Saturday, November 28

theatre:
She Loves Me
Pardoe Drama Theater, 7:30 p.m.
A Christmas Carol
Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
tickets: 484-9257
film:
Varsity I
Project X 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Varsity II
Clue 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema
Rubber Tarzan (Danish) 3:15, 7:00 & 10:35 p.m.
Where the River Runs Black (English) 5:00 & 8:40 p.m.
Film Society
It's A Wonderful Life 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
214 Crabtree Building
Blue Mouse
My Life as a Dog, 5:15, 7:00 & 8:45 p.m.
260 E. 100 S. 364-3471
music:
Utah Symphony
Haydn, Hindemith, Bruch
Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.
Temple Square Concerts
ten total performances of six different concerts
Call 364-5696 for details
sports:
Women's Basketball, BYU vs. Stanford, Marriot Center, 7:30 p.m.

Sunday, November 29

music:
Temple Square Concerts
nine different performances
Call 364-5696 for details

Feel free to submit anything cultural, social, intellectual, musical, theatrical, atheletic, religious, academic or eventful. Submit your submissions, suggestions, parties or whatever, to Connie Moore in person or by phone by the Thursday before publication. We put in just about anything, but in keeping with SR tradition, we reserve the right to edit arbitrarily.

Monday, November 30

theatre:
She Loves Me
Pardoe Drama Theater, 4:30 & 7:30 p.m.
A Christmas Carol
Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
tickets: 484-9257
music:
Temple Square Concerts
eleven performances of six concerts
Call 364-5696 for details
film:
Varsity I
Project X 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Varsity II
Clue 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Monte L. Bean Museum
Wild Africa (22 minutes) 6:00, 7:00 & 8:00
Blue Mouse
My Life as a Dog, 5:15, 7:00 & 8:45 p.m.
260 E. 100 S. 364-3471
dance:
Dance Showcase
"Parable of the Ten Virgins"
185 RB, 7:30 p.m.

Tuesday, December 1

lecture:
Honors Module
Bruce Jorgensen on The Tales of Hawthorn
241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
theatre:
She Loves Me
Pardoe Drama Theater, 4:30 & 7:30 p.m.
music:
Percussion Ensemble and Steel Band
Ron Brough, director
Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.
music:
Temple Square Concerts
thirteen performances of five concerts, plus films, plays, and organ recitals
Call 364-5696 for details
film:
Varsity I
Project X 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema
Blue Mountains (Georgian) 3:15 & 7:30 p.m.
Funeral (Japanese) 5:05 & 9:25 p.m.
Blue Mouse
My Life as a Dog, 5:15, 7:00 & 8:45 p.m.
260 E. 100 S. 364-3471

Wednesday, December 2

lecture:
Honors Module
Douglas E. Bush on J. S. Bach, Cantatas 61 and 80 and the Mass in B. Minor
211 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
theatre:
She Loves Me
Pardoe Drama Theater, 4:30 & 7:30 p.m.
You Can't Take It With You
Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Tickets: 581-6961
music:
Repertory Orchestra
Julie Zumsteg, conductor
de Jong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.
Songwriters Showcase
Ron Simpson, director
Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.
Temple Square Concerts
eleven performances of five concerts, plus films, plays, and organ recitals
Call 364-5696 for details
film:
Varsity I
Project X 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema
Lecture on Funeral, 3:15
Funeral (Japanese) 3:45 & 8:00 p.m.
Blue Mountains (Georgian) 6:00 p.m.

festival:
Festival of the Trees
Hundreds of trees decorated by local organizations, musical entertainment, food. Benefit for Primary Childrens Medical Center
Salt Palace, info: 521-1221

Thursday, December 3

lecture:
Honors Module
James E. Faulconer on Hans Georg Gadamer and his *Dialogue and Dialectic*
241 MSRB, 6:00 p.m.
"Summit Preview: The Soviet View of the White House" with Arkady Schevchenko, former Soviet Ambassador and Under Secretary to the United Nations
ELWC Ballroom, 7:30 p.m.
"Christmas in France"
Professor Chantal Thompson, 11:00 a.m.

theatre:
She Loves Me
Pardoe Drama Theater, 4:30 & 7:30 p.m.
A Christmas Carol
Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
tickets: 484-9257
You Can't Take It With You
Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Tickets: 581-6961
music:
Folk Ensemble
Karl Allred, director
Madsen Recital Hall, 7:30 p.m.
Opera Sketches
Gates Theatre, 5:00 p.m.
Temple Square Concerts
fourteen performances of seven concerts, plus films, plays, and organ recitals
Call 364-5696 for details
film:
Varsity I
Project X 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema
Blue Mountains (Georgian) 3:15 & 7:30 p.m.
Funeral (Japanese) 5:05 & 9:25 p.m.
sports:
Womens Celebrity Tennis Demonstration
Chris Everett Lloyd & Martina Navratilova
Salt Lake Special Events Center, 7:30 p.m.
Information: 1-581-8314
festival:
Festival of the Trees
Hundreds of trees decorated by local organizations, musical entertainment, food. Benefit for Primary Childrens Medical Center
Salt Palace, info: 521-1221

Friday, December 4

theatre:
A Christmas Carol
Hale Center Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
tickets: 484-9257
She Loves Me
Pardoe Drama Theater, 4:30 & 7:30 p.m.
You Can't Take It With You
Pioneer Memorial Theatre, 8:00 p.m.
Tickets: 581-6961
music:
Opera Sketches
Gates Theatre, 5:00 p.m.
A Celebration of Christmas
BYU Concert Choirs & Philharmonic
de Jong Concert Hall, 7:30 p.m.
Utah Symphony
Berlioz, Beethoven, Walton
Symphony Hall, 8:00 p.m.
Temple Square Concerts
ten performances of five concerts, plus films, plays, and organ recitals
Call 364-5696 for details
film:
Varsity I
Roxanne 4:30, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
Varsity II
Young Sherlock Holmes 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
International Cinema
Funeral (Japanese) 3:15 & 7:30 p.m.
Blue Mountains (Georgian) 5:30 & 9:45 p.m.
Film Society
Elmer Gantry 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
214 Crabtree Building
festival:
Festival of the Trees
Hundreds of trees decorated by local organizations, musical entertainment, food. Benefit for Primary Childrens Medical Center
Salt Palace, info: 521-1221

Evil from front page

persisted, the kicking continued. Larry the cowboy fell to the floor fetally crouching to protect himself from the continuing onslaught. The blood ran freely. Here was a picture of brash, unrestrained human violence—a clear will to kill. It was frightening.

Even more frightening was the building crescendo from the crowd. With each blow to the cowboy's body, the shouts and cheers intensified, offering increasing encouragement to the hood. The whole situation had run amok. For those moments, all of us became inhuman: we became essential elements of a "hamburger grinding machine." Larry the cowboy was the meat—lifeless, surrendering. Larry the hood was the blade—cold as stainless steel, effectively performing his task. We in the crowd were the motor—efficient, providing the energy and power to grind Larry the meat into Larry the hamburger. Our machine was effective.

Before a teacher could intervene, the cowboy was hurt. He had to be taken to the hospital. The hood was expelled from school and charged with assault. The police should have charged us all. Larry the grinder wouldn't have gone so far without the crowd motor. Also, none of us stepped out of the machine to switch it off and avoid the disaster. We were all guilty. It could've been Mike the grinder or Lisa the grinder or me,

Mark the grinder. I certainly cheered and shouted with the same zeal that Larry punched and kicked.

There is no doubt that I was then, and am still capable of greta evil. When I take a position in the hamburger grinding machine, I'm capable. When I make use of dehumanizing labels, I'm taking my place. When I relinquish my responsibility to step out and switch off, I'm an essential cog in the machine.

Although I participate in the machine more than I would like, on occasion I do step out to restore humanity to situations run amok. I've seen others do the same. Fortunately, often there is someone who does step out and the ultimate consequences of the machine are avoided. Consequently, cases like the fight of the two Larrys and the attempted genocide of the Jews are the exceptions to the rule. So, while most of us will acquiesce to the machine, there are some who won't. And as Hannah Arendt states, "Humanly speaking, no more is required, and no more can reasonably be asked, for this planet to remain a place fit for human habitation." Clearly, evil is banal, but it is the responsibility of each of us to try and rise above the banality as much and as frequently as we can.

Failure from page two

myself. The key to growing from the experience was to progress far enough to be able to look back objectively. At this point, I could make the necessary over-due changes in my life.

My wider perspective helped me to gain much more through losing than I would have through winning. First, my self-esteem was no longer dependent on outside forces. How I compared to other people was not impor-

tant; I only had to compare myself to me. I could be good at something even if someone else was better. Also, I could appreciate others' achievements more fully. They could keep me striving toward more self-perfection. Finally, I discovered that people themselves are a very important force on life. The ability to serve is the ultimate force for happiness. When I am happy, I have achieved an important success.

Campaign from front page

campaign while a majority of voters couldn't even name the Democratic challenger (Craig Oliver). Oliver, in contrast to Garn, spent less than \$100,000. The result of this spending imbalance is that Garn's message drowned-out the issues that Oliver based his campaign on.

Many also see the rising influence of special interest groups such as PACs potentially dangerous. Senator David Boren (D-Oklahoma) said that "During the same period of time in which the costs of campaigns have gone out of sight, the amount of money given by PACs, special interest groups, increased in one decade from \$12 million in 1974, to \$104 million in 1984. Can anyone be naive enough to believe that you can pump \$104 million of special interest money into the political process and not come out in campaigns?"

Some Senators have even asserted that the voters themselves are becoming "second-class participants in what is supposed to be a representative democracy." Senator John Kerry D-Massachusetts said to his Senate colleagues "We all know of the need for reform of our campaign finance system. The most precious heritage that we have in the world is our democratic system of government. It is the envy of all the world, and has been the model for many nations. But our democratic system is slowly being eroded by the influence of PAC money. As the amount of PAC money increases, our credibility and our appearance of integrity decreases."

Not all agree with these statements. The Congressional Digest reported that "PACs allow average citizens and small

contributors to pool their resources and get involved with the political process. People who donate to PACs are more active, more knowledgeable, and interested in the political process." The article also cited the figure that 4.5 million people gave to PACs, where only half that many contributed directly.

Senator Phil Gramm (R-Texas) said in the same report "If

"The only way to win an election now is big bucks, PAC contributions, or a great organization. The question we must ask ourselves is not whether the system has problems, but when will we say 'enough'." -Professor David Magelby

you believe in democracy, if you believe in the principles of Jefferson, you believe that you cannot do away with political power and the best you can achieve is to disperse it into as many hands as possible. I submit that PACs have helped to strengthen democracy, not weaken it. And many of those who self-righteously preach against PACs are the very groups that had power before and now feel the heat of competition.

As the Senators continue to hammer out an agreement on campaign finance reform, many feel that the 1976 Supreme

fund.

Many see campaign finance reform as the only way to prevent such fund-raising systems. Others hold that such reforms would be unconstitutional. The Supreme Court has asserted that "the only compelling governmental interests in restricting campaign finances are the prevention of corruption and/or the appearance of corruption." Now Congress must decide whether the increasing amounts of money being raised and spent on elections is corrupt.

INVIPAM: Vale la Pena

by Stirling Adams

In the history of higher education in Mexico, only fifty blind people have ever graduated. Guillermo Garcia Santin, one of these graduates, is now studying English at BYU.

Guillermo was blinded at the age of 11 by a skin disorder called Steve Johnson's syndrome. Despite the obstacles he endured as a student, Guillermo entered college, and after four years, graduated. Having experienced both the good and the bad, he decided to work at improving the quality of life for the physically handicapped in Mexico, especially the blind.

In 1983, Guillermo, five blind university students, and dozens of business professionals form the city of Toluca, joined forces to form INVIPAM (Invidentes y Videntes para Ayuda Mutua). In English, INVIPAM translates as "the sighted and blind for mutual assistance." Guillermo says INVIPAM was organized with three goals in mind: First, to teach the public the contributions blind people can make to society; second, to show the people of Mexico the poor work and educational opportunities offered to the blind; and third, to improve and broaden these opportunities.

INVIPAM has made significant achievements in reaching all three goals. According to Guillermo, a blind person in Mexico is still considered a third-class citizen (with the rich first, and the poor second), but the situation is slowly changing. The members of INVIPAM, through public media campaigns, awareness seminars, and personal achievements, have been able to force the Mexican government to place more emphasis on the education of the physically handicapped.

In 1986, INVIPAM began the produc-

tion of a quarterly magazine called *Frente y Vuelta* (Front and Back). Guillermo's wife, Guadalupe, explains the name of the magazine was chosen to symbolize the fact that many people stereotype physically handicapped people, and in doing so, see only the outside of each person. The magazine is published to help educate the sighted public on issues that concern both them, and the blind.

INVIPAM was started in Mexico, but it has grown under the direction of Guillermo and Guadalupe, until now it has an international membership. The members of INVIPAM now concern themselves with conditions for the blind throughout Latin America. *Frente y Vuelta* has a growing circulation of over five-thousand readers in 17 different countries— from Argentina to Canada, and from Saudi Arabia to Sweden.

Since Guillermo and Guadalupe have come to Provo, American membership in INVIPAM has greatly increased. According to Guadalupe, INVIPAM's goals are exemplified by the work and learning opportunities for the blind in the United States. But even so, she says that in this country, the blind are often required to prove their abilities before they are accepted by others socially or intellectually.

If Guillermo, Guadalupe, and the members of INVIPAM have their way, blind people around the world will be accepted by others as equals. According to Guillermo, when this happens, as the name INVIPAM suggests, the blind and the sighted will both be the better for it.

Anyone interested in working with INVIPAM can contact Guillermo and Maria at 377-4803

Court decision Buckley v. Valeo prevents complete reform. In this decision the Supreme Court struck down limits on expenditures on behalf of a candidate by an outside party as well as personal expenditures on one's own campaign as a violation of the right to free speech.

Proponents of reform see the financial impact of public financing as "minimal" because funding would be provided through a tax check-off such as is now used to finance presidential elections. "What many people still don't understand is that there is no personal cost. The tax check-off only serves to earmark a dollar of the money we pay anyway towards financing congressional campaigns," Magleby said. The check-off is also strictly voluntary.

Recent disclosures of how funds are raised have brought to light some questionable fund-raising tactics, such as Senator Bentsen's "Breakfast Club". Senator Bentsen regularly agreed to have breakfast with a limited number of guests and listen to their views if they would agree to contribute \$10,000 each to his campaign